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The Bystander, April 10, 1935

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The BYSTANDER

Grand Circle Seats

The Hon. Mrs. Dudley Ward and Penelope Dudley Ward

Swaebe

The lovely Mrs. Dudley Ward and her equally lovely daughter, Penelope, were photographed at the world première of "Escape Me Never," at the London Pavilion. Penelope Dudley Ward has an extremely difficult part in the film as Fenella McClean, the English girl whom Sebastian Sanger falls in love with: difficult, because at every moment of her appearance, the actress who plays it is in direct contrast to Elisabeth Bergner. Penelope Dudley Ward has definitely established herself by her performance as one of the most promising young English screen actresses

Sir George Sutton, the managing director of Associated Newspapers, who was mainly responsible for organising the première, is with Mrs. W. H. Miller and Mr. J. H. Thomas, who, as Secretary of State for the Dominions, took an almost official interest in the film

Lady Alexandra Metcalfe and Mr. "Jock" Whitney arriving at the London Pavilion, where "Sanders of the River" is now running. The gala première took place on Tuesday last week, and was in aid of the Newspaper Press Fund, for which a record amount was made

Film First Nights

The Charity Presentation of *Sanders of the River*, and the Bergner Première at the London Pavilion

Left: the Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton arriving at the London Pavilion, and wearing a not-unenviable ermine cape-coat

Below: Captain and Mrs. Robert Laycock were there to see Mrs. Laycock's sister, Penelope Dudley Ward, acting in the Bergner film. They were married earlier this year

Below: the Hon. Mrs. Bryan Guinness and her sister, the Hon. Unity Mitford, were two more of the London Pavilion audience. Film first-nighters had a busy time last week, with three important premières to go to

Swaebe

At the London Pavilion, the Bergner Film, "Escape Me Never," Drew A Big Audience For Its World Première

Above, left: Lord Birkenhead, who is beginning to look so very like his father, was there with his fiancée, the Hon. Sheila Berry

Ex-Queen Ena of Spain, who goes to most important film first-nights, is arriving with Mrs. Redmond McGrath (left)

Lord and Lady Headfort, who had just got back from the South of France the day before, went to see "Sanders of the River"

The Ranee of Sarawak, who arrived back in England not long ago for the summer, took her good-looking daughter, Miss Elizabeth Brooke, to the film with her

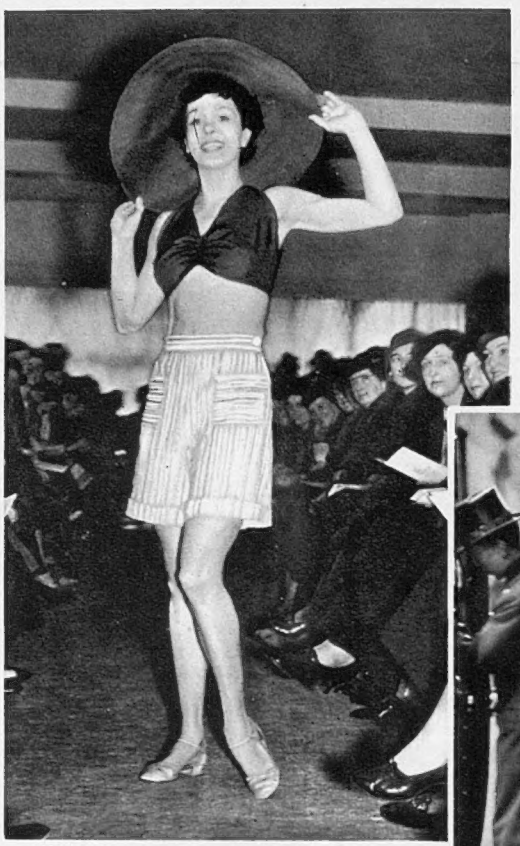
Above: Lord Decies arriving with the attractive Miss Vera Coombe, The audience was altogether a very gala one, and very enthusiastic, both for the coloured "Mickey" film and the big picture itself

Left: Lady Mary Lygon and Mr. John Sutro on their way through the crowded foyer

Lady Milbanke and Lady Bridget Parsons were, as usual, two of the best-looking women in the place; standing behind them is Sir John Milbanke

London Doings

Which Means A Combination of Business with Pleasure



Sasha

Amateur Mannequins at the Jaeger House-Warming

Above are the debutante Paget twins, Celia Mary and Mamaine (on the left), and Margaret Rawlings ignoring the snow-showers outside and showing some new sorts of beach clothes for summer, when it comes. This was at the house-warming party and show given by the directors of Jaeger's, to celebrate the opening of their new Jaeger House, in Regent Street

The Lunching-Out Habit

Mme. Nubar Gulbenkian, the wife of the Commercial Attaché at the Persian Legation, and Mrs. George Ismay arriving in Bury Street for lunch. Mrs. Ismay was Florence Edrington, of New York, before her marriage

One-Way Street

The Hon. David Herbert, Lord Pembroke's second son, and Mrs. Gilbert Miller, the wife of the American producer, took up their conversational stance somewhere near Piccadilly—the street does happen to be a one-way one

"How Like an Angel"!

But Sir Archibald Weigall hasn't really grown wings, yet; it was a statue that played the trick. With him is his daughter, Priscilla; they were at Londonderry House for the final Big Ben Ball committee meeting. The Ball is on May 2nd

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 97

Geoffrey Toye

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

EACH time I lay eyes on Geoffrey Toye, I expect to see him grow astrakhan. For every day, and in every way, he is getting to look more and more like a real impresario. Yet this is only his second year as managing director of Covent Garden, which opens its season with *Lohengrin* on April 29.

Except for his own works at Sadler's Wells, and a few odd concerts, Geoffrey Toye has not done any real work with the baton for years, and yet he is the most brilliant Gilbert and Sullivan conductor in the country. Indeed, he studied the scores so carefully, that he decided that Sullivan often meant what he did not compose. You might perhaps call it Toye-ing. Probably Humperdinck, Bizet and Delius are his favourites, but he writes excellent ballet music himself, and his hero is Sir Thomas Beecham. Together they are a perfect scream, both having the traditionally cynical attitude towards all musicians and singers. Geoffrey Toye is not at all tempestuous. Rather, he is a trifle pompous, like a number of other Old Wykhamists; but his appearance of giving himself arias is more a mannerism than a fact, and he has a great capacity for affection under his apparent egotism.

WHEN the war broke out, he enlisted as a private in the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, and, after being severely wounded, ended up as a Major in the R.A.F., a rank that he did not discard for some time. After the war he went into the City, where he flirted brilliantly with finance, though, as after events have proved, he did not marry it. To-day, at Covent Garden, he combines artistic knowledge with an equable business instinct. He is supposed to live at the Bath Club, but has a flat, the address of which even his brother Francis, the biographer of Verdi and Rossini, does not know. Yes, Geoffrey Toye, on reflection, is rather a secretive person. He has a frank gaze which his smile may belie. He has a great deal of charm, when he chooses to turn on the tap. He has given up golf. He is fond of good food and knows something about it, which is nice for him, considering that his brother is managing director of Boulestin's. He is very keen on the sea. He smokes pipes and cigars—but mostly the latter, now that he is an impresario.

Second Thoughts on First Nights

"Heaven Help Our Sailors . . ."

"Worse Things Happen at Sea!" (St. James's Theatre)

THIS is the second play by Keith Winter which has been staged at a West End theatre within three weeks, though it does not mean that this dramatist has two plays running together, for *The Ringmaster* departed this life from the Shaftesbury after a very short existence. With the best will in the world, I cannot believe that *Worse Things Happen at Sea!* will compensate him by the length of its run for the shortness of the other.

What success this so-called farcical comedy may achieve will be almost entirely due to the star cast which has been engaged. I have always been a fond and faithful admirer of Yvonne Arnaud, but never have I admired her more than when she buckles-to in this play in an attempt to make the author's facetious dialogue sound witty, and impart humour to a play which is singularly free of it. Perhaps to say she attempts to do this is an under-statement, for she often causes laughter. "It ain't exactly wot she sez; it 's the funny way she sez it."

FRANK LAWTON has an even more difficult task in portraying a most offensive and conceited young cad who regards himself as a literary genius. He loses the affection of a trio of women when they discover that he is a bore—and to appear a bore to those on the stage while giving an audience something to be amused at is a task which no actor, however clever, should be asked to attempt. Eileen Peel, who plays a typist, imparts an amusing Cockney touch to a nebulous character; and Athole Stewart, plus the usual eyeglass, appears as a motor-car manufacturer of extreme futility. A newcomer to London, Ena Burrill, has a strong individuality, and I wish her début had been in a better play; the finish shows the conceited author being thrown over by his two principal admirers—an ending used previously, and with far more amusing effect, in *Lovers' Leap*, by Philip Johnson.

Here are some bits of dialogue:

"A slightly perverted orchid." "Like Florence Nightingale."

* * *

"Something warm in me goes out." "Then push it in again."

* * *

"Like two passionate machines assaulting each other."

* * *

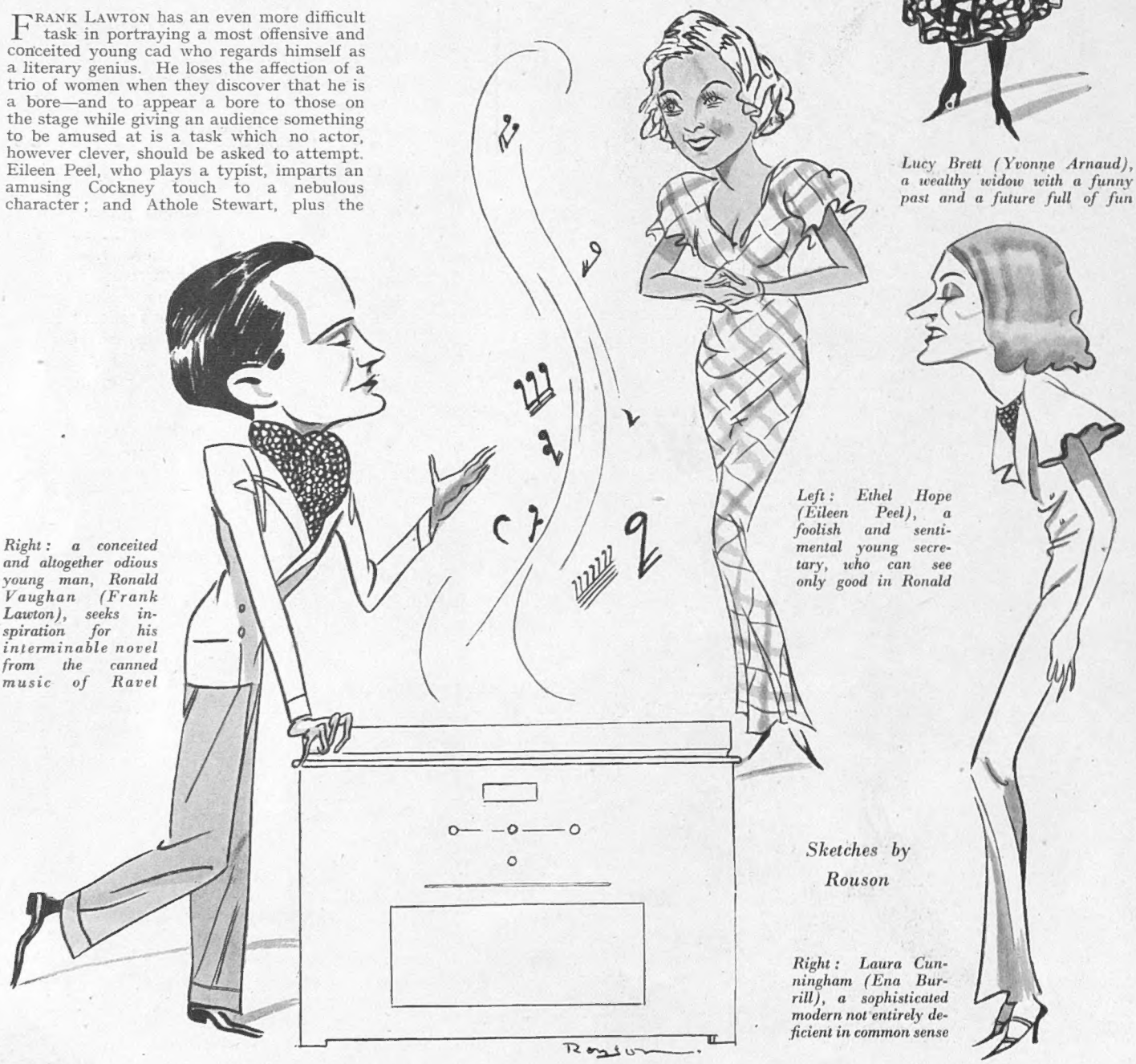
"I tried to kiss you because it was raining."

* * *

And if these quotations amuse you, there are lots more like them to be heard at the St. James's Theatre.

VERNON WOODHOUSE.

Lucy Brett (Yvonne Arnaud), a wealthy widow with a funny past and a future full of fun



Right: a conceited and altogether odious young man, Ronald Vaughan (Frank Lawton), seeks inspiration for his interminable novel from the canned music of Ravel

Left: Ethel Hope (Eileen Peel), a foolish and sentimental young secretary, who can see only good in Ronald

Sketches by Rouson

Right: Laura Cunningham (Ena Burrill), a sophisticated modern not entirely deficient in common sense

Round the Town

Faces Seen By Molly Bishop

The Hon. Mrs. Jenkinson

Was sketched as she went into L'Apéritif for dinner. She is Lord Harcourt's youngest sister, and married Captain Bobby Jenkinson in 1925

Left: *Baroness Christa von Bodenhausen*

Is a fair-haired and attractive German who is a great addition to the decorative side of London life. She was presented at one of the March Courts

Below: Mrs. Desmond Fitz-Gerald was sketched at the Florida. She was Veronica Villiers before her marriage to the 27th Knight of Glin's eldest son

Miss Daphne Kingsmill

Daphne Kingsmill is the second of Mrs. Redmond McGrath's three daughters by her first husband, Colonel Andrew Kingsmill. She was dining in day clothes at L'Apéritif when this sketch was made

Mrs. Desmond FitzGerald

Listen...

THE chief topic of conversation in London at the moment is the wager a well-known Clubman is prepared to back himself to accomplish. We are not going to divulge the exacting nature of the bet, but we will say here and now that it is just one more example of the amazing conceit of a member of the sterner sex.

•

WE girls have knocked around quite a bit, and while we have found most chaps comparatively truthful, there is just one subject they can't help lying about. Anyhow, who do you think would be very keen on acting the part of your female accomplices? We don't fancy there 'll be a queue of lovely women stretching all down St. James's Street.

•

NEITHER would we care about spending the remainder of the evening with you after three bottles of champagne. You weren't too steady on your pins after one the other evening: but after three——! No, sir. I 'll find my own way home. It 's early yet, and the No. 19 bus passes my door.

•

WE read, with a certain incredulity, that each one of those rollicking romps known as Debutantes' Dances: Mrs. Brown's, for her daughter, Elsie—you know the kind of thing—costs £400. Oh, where, oh, where does the money go to? for in the far-off days when we used to attend, we were never struck with the lavishness of the proceedings.

•

THAT ripping band we had at the Hunt Ball, and a limited amount of non-vintage champagne cannot run away with all that amount. Looking back across the waste of mis-spent years and no little misery, we think that we reached the bed-rock of despair at round about midnight at a deb's dance, with no prospect of getting to bed for another couple of hours, the only diversion being the intoxication of a small boy, who was either just leaving or had just left Eton, and the spectacle of the dowagers dropping asleep at their posts along the wall.

•

THERE is a terrible paucity of any other form of free entertainment these days. Morning after morning one receives a lovely invitation, and one says, "How divine of Mary Dunn!", or any of the other popular hostesses, but on rubbing one's eyes and reading further, one invariably finds the depressing little sentence, "Price Two Guineas," and one realises that the peak of one's dissipation of yet another week will be dinner at Punch's, and perhaps, if the unfaithful little beast hasn't spent his last bob on one of those American blondes at the Dorchester, a glass of wine on the balcony at the Café de Paris.

•

OUR very, very best wishes to Audrey Simpson and Bernard Rubin on their long-deferred marriage on account of Bernard's illness. We know of no nicer couple than these two. Audrey is not only extremely pretty, but one of the few girls we 've never heard say a catty word about anyone.

POPULAR WOMEN

No. 19

Lady Nunburnholme

Yevonde

FROM her earliest debutante days as Lady Mary Thynne, Mary Nunburnholme has fulfilled our ideal of the true type of English beauty. While many women get a reputation for good looks by reason of a certain prettiness which is the perquisite of youth, Mary Nunburnholme is the possessor of real beauty which does not fade with the passing of the years. Beauty, we know, is only skin deep, but Mary Nunburnholme has also a beautiful character. No matter how great the provocation, we can never imagine her forsaking a task once she had undertaken it, and her quiet dignity and unswerving loyalty are two of her most admirable qualities. A devoted wife and mother, Lady Nunburnholme, like her husband, is keen on all outdoor sports. A very beautiful and a very fine character; we wish there were more like her.

UNLIKE most of the young men around London, Bernard really has done something, and his motoring and aeronautical exploits are too well known and too numerous for us to enumerate them here. It was a bitter disappointment to him when he was prevented by his illness from flying to Australia last autumn.

•

WE are glad to say that we did not attend the Grand National, but a girl friend gives us a lurid description of the goings-on on the night after the big race.

•

WHILE she herself got off comparatively lightly, her dress being merely saturated with champagne and her shoes cut to ribbons by broken glass, others were not so lucky, and, from all accounts, the exhibition of a number of drunks at the conclusion of the evening passes belief.

•

AFTER smashing everything they could lay hands on, they then started smashing one another, and terrified women witnessed the spectacle of men fighting like animals in a sea of broken glass. No wonder the casualty-list was a long one.

•

A PICTURE of the ball-room at the conclusion of hostilities would have served as the best poster that the Anti-Liquor Brigade could devise, if they sat up all night thinking one out.

•

WHILE we have always held that a party without drink would be no party at all, we cannot see that the fact that a number of horses have been competing in a race is an excuse to behave in a revolting fashion at Liverpool, any more than sixteen men having rowed from Putney to Mortlake is a reason for breaking up Piccadilly.

•

WE sincerely hope that, with the exception of the Americans, who have themselves probably suffered from the over-exuberance of their fellow-countrymen at parties, there were no foreigners to witness this display by British sportsmen. It was bad enough that an hotel staff should be present, to regard with unmistakable cynicism the "merry-making" of their social superiors.

Young-Marrieds At Home

Viscount and Viscountess Bridport Have Gone to Live in Kent

Photographs by Swaebe

Lord and Lady Bridport were married last July, and are now living at Wrotham, in Kent, in a house they have taken, called Fairseat Manor. Lady Bridport was Pamela Baker; she is a sister of David Baker, who married Lord Bridport's sister in 1933. Lord Bridport, who succeeded to the title in 1924, when he was thirteen, used to be in the Navy

Glass for the Dining-Room Table

Lady Bridport and an Old-Fashioned Screen

In the Garden at Fairseat Manor

The Bridports, like a good many "young-marrieds" of the last year or two, have preferred the country near London to London itself, and have got an attractive home in Kent. An amusing fashion revived is for picture-screens like the one on the left, which has been made with early nineteenth-century prints and cuttings

Top, left:
Lady Elizabeth Townshend

Rachel Bingham

Left:
Cressida Bonham-Carter

"ASK MAMMA . . ."

Or, "Only a Jubilee Girl!"

By MIRÓN

Below, left: *Rosemary Grosvenor*

MOTHER knows best, and months ago made plans to bring out her daughter of this year on schedule—vintage 1917, gout anglais—though she knows it will be more difficult than ever to get attention in a season when the limelight will automatically converge on the royal stars in jubilation. Coming out in 1935 will sadly date some of the girls in years to come. . . . "Only a Jubilee Girl—she and her mother have had to live very simply ever since." But, having acted on her decision and received the command, Mother is now preparing to open the family purse to its widest, following the example of the great Italian families, who save up for one tremendous fiesta in each generation. Very few mothers give more than one "season" to a daughter, and an engagement, or even a proposal, is quite rare in times when debutantes are so much younger than they used to be. About 50 per cent. reappear the next year, "really to enjoy myself this time." Twenty-five per cent. are seen a third year, and then, in most cases, a great silence falls. But mother is not dismayed—bringing out a girl is a social duty. The bright eyes of martyrdom shine from the chaperons' chairs round the ball-room walls.

● THERE are around three hundred debutantes each year. Of these, a third come from London, a third from the Home Counties, and a third are charming, healthy creatures from the remoter counties, who gradually steal into town, many of them never noticed at all, and are hurried away after the Court, like a child from the dentist's. The provenance in 1935 of 200 of the debutantes shows that 65 are from town, or, at least, from country families with a town house; 60 are from the counties around; and the rest, living far from Mayfair, include 7 from East Anglia (a falling-off from last year), 8 from Oxford (going up), 12 from Scotland (more will come at the last moment), while the Distressed Areas are patriotically sending 6—a brave effort. There is only one Shropshire lass. Other areas are Devon, 2; Cheshire, 1; Hants, 6; Wessex, 5; Leicester, 2; Ulster, 2; Yorks, only 3; Lincs, 3; Cornwall, 1; Wales, 3; Gloucester, Stafford and Worcester, each 2. Mr. De Valera is sending one, but the Overseas are not yet embarked. A recent French visitor was enormously impressed when I showed her these figures—here was the secret of London's mad gaiety, she concluded, for la petite noblesse de province has not been to Paris since 1848. . . .

● ONLY a few of the girls have been seen as yet, and first impressions are mixed, though one mother pointed out that it was too early to judge—"They aren't boiled yet." We are far from 1930, when every deb-dance resembled a Park Lane floor-show. . . .

At least half the girls are cruising, or being kept in fresh air up to the last minute, to retain their schoolgirl complexion. All one can say definitely is that there is much Titian hair and Rubens colouring, that they wear coloured taffetas of the picture type, and are slightly 1860 in the hair; also that they prefer waltzes, and like to drink orangeade out of cocktail-glasses. . . .

● IT is a sobering thought that scores of dinner-parties are now being made up for next July. And as Lord Cromer alone knows the names, and won't tell, the mothers struggle for "the list" (there isn't one). Mysterious flocks of cars draw up at lunch time in a secluded Square. It is not a new Fascist movement, but some mothers come to confer on names, addresses, dates for dances. Presently they terrify one another

Left: *Agnes Celestria King*

Photographs by Lenare, Douglas, Bertram Park, Elwin Neame and Yevonde

to Court in 1850

A reproduction of Eugène Lami's water-colour, "Scene in Eaton Square" (now known to be Belgrave Square), which is in the Victoria and Albert Museum

Pamela Fisher

Rohays Burnett

with the latest version of the story of the Vanishing Deb, which relates that Susan and Moira (the names change each season) were accosted by a sweet, white-haired old lady, a perfect stranger, in the lounge of the —— Hotel (that changes, too), who offered them places, that had just become free, in a box for that evening's most desirable first night. Susan, suspicious, refused. Moira accepted, and *was never seen again. . . .*

● THE great moment for 150 of the more important debutantes, apart from the Court, will be when, as Maids of Honour, dressed in white, and floodlit, they descend the twin stairways, at Grosvenor House on June 13th to pull Queen Charlotte's giant cake, with 191 candles, down the floor to Princess Alice to cut. From these Maids, a short selection (given below) of the most interesting ones would include Lady Isobel Manners, as the Belle of the Season; and Lady Meade-Fetherstonhaugh's Jean as the vivacious wit. Cross-examination under third degree ("No replies, no supper for you") of the chaperon benches yielded the following comments, copyright in all lands:

Below: *Anne Campbell*

● "LADY CLARE KING'S Agnes Celestria is most striking as a Burne-Jones type. . . . Particularly chic is Jacqueline Dyer. . . . The one authoress among them is Moyra Charlton, who has been publishing books on dogs and horses since thirteen. . . . Further beauties include Mrs. Garard Leigh's Mary, large eyes, very fair; Judith Leslie-Melville, dark-brown hair with red lights, hazel eyes; Lady Dorothy Charteris's Rosamund Grosvenor, very attractive, fair, and Anglo-American; 'Fifi' Ronalds, still in Egypt with Lady Newborough, and granddaughter of the famous Mrs. Ronalds (finished at Cambridge).

"Lady Gainsborough's Maureen Noel is tiny, and most sympathetic. . . . The Salmond cousins, for whom Lady Desborough, step-grandmother of one of them, gave that ball, will be everywhere. . . . Penelope we have seen, so intelligent and attractive. . . . Lady Hastings (Norfolk and Belgrave Square) is bringing out Jean Astley, auburn hair, rosy complexion. . . .

"Two nieces of the Duchess of York show the usual Bowes-Lyon type—small, sweet, and dark-haired. . . . Rohays Burnett, actually being presented this year, but half out last, has had a tremendous success in Scotland (lovely red hair). . . . Anne Campbell has an attractive deep voice, and camellia complexion. . . . Lady Betty Anson and Countess Brydgyette Bentinck are charming and important debutantes. . . . Rachel Bingham is Lady Warwick's cousin, but *quite* different. . . . Lady Violet Bonham-Carter's Cressida will be supported by a brilliant family. . . . Pamela Fisher's brother is marrying Lady Gloria Vaughan, you know. . . . Gloria Congreve is Cyril Maude's granddaughter. . . .

"Commander Louis Greig has a girl, Bridget, educated at home. . . . Christian Howard, from England's largest house, is *so* serious. . . . Lady Hillingdon's Penelope Mills, Lady Redesdale's Jessica Mitford, Lady Dorothy Meynell's Rachel (still cruising), Lady Wilson's Rosemary Henderson are some more. . . .

"Please take me down to supper now, I've deserved it. . . ."

Lady Betty Anson

"The Good Fairy"

Margaret Sullavan's New Film Is A Light-Hearted Romantic Comedy

Margaret Sullavan as Luisa Ginglebusher

This is Margaret Sullavan's first light-comedy part, and very different to her "Only Yesterday" and "Little Man, What Now?" achievements. She is first an orphan, then a cinema "usherette" whom all the men fall for, and finally, after the appropriate difficulties, a happy-ever-after bride

The Good Fairy of the Orphanage

In "The Good Fairy," Herbert Marshall plays opposite Margaret Sullavan as the struggling young lawyer hero, Frank Morgan is the rich "fairy godfather," and Reginald Owen is Detlaff, the poor but honest waiter who does nothing but get the girl he admires so much into trouble. The film, which is based on the play by Ferenc Molnar, and is directed by William Wyler, is now running at the Empire

Reginald Owen Appears as a Waiter Who Falls for the "Good Fairy," Now a Lovely Cinema Attendant

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

COMMUNITY singing, that engaging American idea for exploiting the mob's instinct to cheer itself up by making a hell of a noise, seems likely to break out again in places during the Jubilee celebrations. It has had a fair run at seaside resorts and on football fields in this country since one of the Press lords imported it, rather late, convinced that to get a huge crowd together and employ a perspiring and corybantic gentleman in white flannels on a distant rostrum to stampede it into sentimental or patriotic choruses (always about five beats behind) was the solution for all our problems.

He succeeded, anyway, in affording students of mob-psychology some interesting data. We know a scientific man who studies demonstrating crowds and draws graphs and things showing the time it takes to exploit collective emotion. He says Hitler can work a German crowd into a screaming frenzy of jingoism in just about one quarter the time it takes a community-song conductor to get an English crowd nicely maudlin, or three-quarters of the time it takes Mr. Lloyd George to lash a Welsh crowd into a raging hysteria of Radicalism and religiosity. Another curious thing he tells us is that if you isolate an individual unit of any big, demonstrating crowd, however dangerous, it is more than likely to be a rather vague, weak sort of creature, who hasn't any very clear idea of what all the shouting is about.

Mass-hypnotism is an absorbing study. Why, for example, has the turbulent and violent Paris mob throughout its history, and long before conscription, instinctively swung into military formation and discipline? Why has the London mob never been anything more than an unorganised rabble, whose only contribution to national history is looting or smashing windows? Why does the Mayfair mob follow its leaders everywhere with a docile, unquestioning obedience which makes the affair of the Gadarene swine look like the Indian Mutiny?

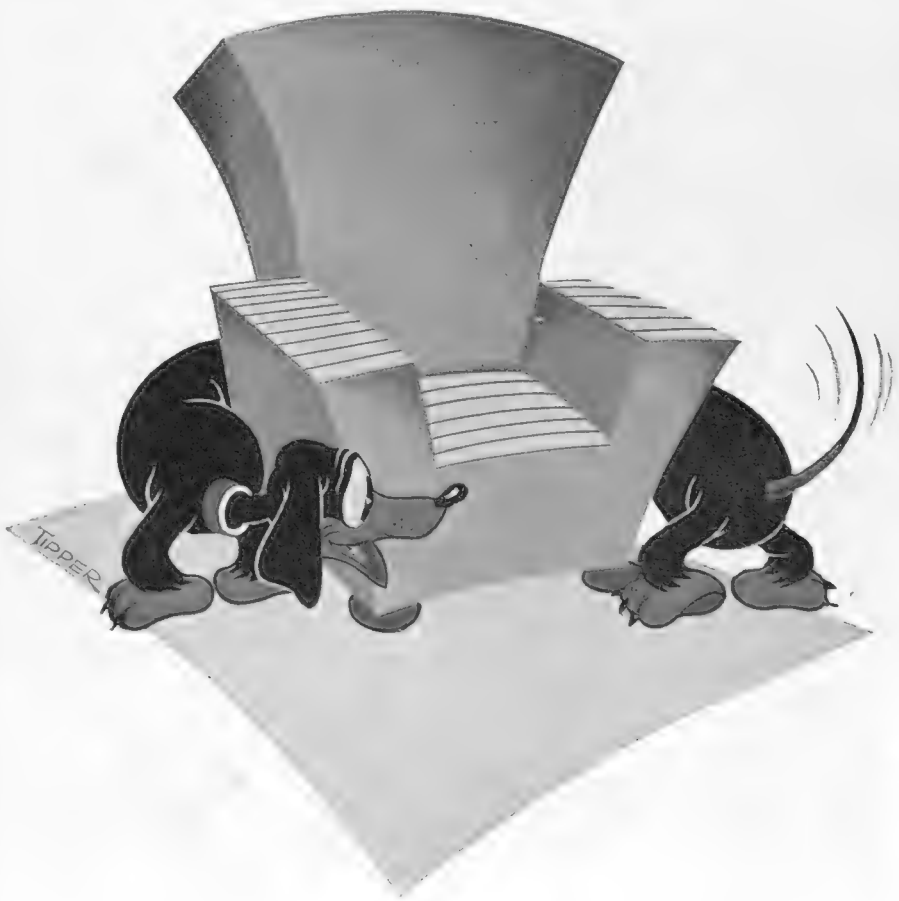
Answers should be brief, and illustrated, where possible, with diagrams, or a sketch-map. Extra marks for neatness.

Culture Below Stairs

IN the new comedy at the St. James's, there is a footman who quotes Proust, a happening which must certainly convince his employer, Miss Yvonne Arnaud, that she is taking part in one of those stage plays. Once upon a time, when we used to be a dramatic critic and, in consequence, rather dazed, that sort of thing used to be our great test on waking up in a strange place. If the butler came in and blandly set somebody right on a difficult passage in Homer, or (like Mr. Laughton, buttling in a Hollywood film) recited Lincoln's Gettysburg speech or a passage from Racine without a tremor, we knew it was all right and that we were in a theatre, not at a brawl in Grosvenor Square, and we went happily to sleep again.

If we're not mistaken, the tide of culture below stairs set in with Congreve, who makes a valet in one of his comedies a Cambridge man. The education imparted at that University, as his master remarks truly, is all right for servants, but a little too pedantic for a gentleman. Then came Thackeray's Jeames Yellowplush, who contributed prose and verse to the leading reviews. We don't remember whether Barrie's Admirable Crichton was well up in contemporary literature. Did he speak Greek, or are we mixing him up with the boatman in *Mary Rose*? Anyway, searching our dim critic's past, we recollect quite a procession of butlers who had first-class epigrammatic or whimsy lines to exchange with the Duchess. Happily, there is no great taint of literature about our old friend Jeeves.

There is, of course, no reason on earth why, say, a Don who drinks or causes a hellish scandal (as many do) should not take a step up the social ladder after expulsion from his University and become a butler, but we've never yet encountered one in real life—no doubt because the academic whirl does not fit one for efficiency in the busy world of men. We wouldn't want to, either.



". . . that you, Otto?"

Hon. Lowborn Dog

THE dainty little row between a British film star (female) and the Gaumont-British people over the right

"Naughty - naughty"

to reject any film-story, which right they both claim, throws an interesting light on the rights of the third party concerned—the author of the story, whose rights are nil, his place being down in the dog-hole, next to the garbage-cans.

The film industry, it seems, has put the ignoble author right back into the place he occupied during the eighteenth century. Passing him in the corridors of a film factory, actresses draw aside their skirts and avert their gaze. Should he venture a mild observation on the floor while his director is blasphemously teaching some blonde confection to say her words (his words), one by one, as sailors teach parrots, and telling her what to do with her arms, he is warned by a commissionaire. Should he, roused to maniac desperation, bitterly remind a disdainful star that a couple of months ago she was polishing people's nails, not very well, or serving people with tea, rather awkwardly, or giving people somebody else's hat and coat in exchange for a cloak-room ticket, he is seized and run out into the street by a corps of bouncers.

This being the position, as we gather from a film author we 've met, we 're not surprised that he has no right to object to actresses or big, high moguls with gold buttons on their pants. We 're only surprised they don't kick him every time they meet.

Fun With a Tiger

CONVERSATION piece (authentic). Terribly pukka sahib, with eyeglass and trim blonde moustache, jostling a very eminent West End comedian at the bar of a highly smart cocktail-party the other evening :

" Well, I suppose you 're just going to have another of these jolly little fellahs, what ? "

" Well, no. I 've about had my ration. I 'm just going, as a matter of fact. Got to work to-night."

" Work to-night, eh ? Ha, ha ! By gad, that 's good ! Didn't know chaps had to work at night ! What on earth does a chap like you do at night ? What ? "

" I 'm an actor."

" An *actor*, by gad ? " (*Pause for fixing eye-glass and prolonged stare.*) " Bettah not have any more, then, what ? "

" No, I suppose not."

" No, by gad ! Might be putting on the wrong disguise, or whatever the devil it is, eh ? Ha, ha ! What ? "

(*Exit pukka sahib, consumed with merriment.*)

Love's Labour Lost

THE way of the dashing Russian or Georgian Prince in New York society, according to Mr. Cornelius (" Nelly ") Vanderbilt, who has just gone sour on the Four Hundred and published a book debunking the pretences of Park and Fifth Avenues and eighty per cent. of the *Social Registers* generally, is not so easy as it looks. He may snaffle his heiress quite easily, but the Old Man knows a trick or two as well. The

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 26.—Ian Hay

THE lighter side of school life
And the human side of war
Were two topics that he dealt with
In the dear, dead days of yore ;
And his books proved so successful
They sold by the thousand score,
While the public, quite enraptured,
Cried " Encore ! "

Then he bowed the knee to Thespis—
Which is merely journalese
For remarking he acquired the
Art of writing plays that please ;
And he charmed the public fancy
So enormously with these
That the commoners made for him
Royalties.

The majority of people
Who find life is drab and grey
Are most grateful for a cheery
And amusing book or play,
So they—like the jolly peasants
On a sunny, summer's day—
Know how nice it is to revel
In the Hay.

B. W

"It still lacks realism"

Old Man takes good care not to deposit anything resembling real money in his fascinating son-in-law's account, and the newlyweds' house is always bought in the bride's name. "Worse than that," points out acid Mr. "Nelly" Vanderbilt, whose family has disowned him, "every single household bill has to be approved by a gloomy individual known as the 'trust funds guardian.'"

This shows that, as a financial career, that of Consort to a Dollar Princess has its handicaps. It takes more than aristocratic Slav charm and insouciance to prise the average heiress's Old Man's grip from the money-bags, even if your grandfather owned 100 sheep in Georgia and became thereby an hereditary Prince. The Old Man, moreover, is apt, it seems, not to be unduly dazzled by the "H.H." and coronets on the bride's new luggage. We knew this before Mr. Vanderbilt told us, because we used to know a Georgian Prince in Paris who married an intensely rich American girl, whose family allowed him exactly 500 francs a week pocket-money, or just enough to keep him in cigarettes. He was so disillusioned, that if anyone mentioned dollar currency he wept; not noisily, but silently, with great big tears of self pity and despair.

"Do you know anyone who'd like a rubber of threepenny bridge?"

Auntie Asks You

WE heard the Chancellor of the Exchequer make a speech at a dinner the other night. A good speech it was, lasting quite a few weeks—or so it seemed to us—and meaning absolutely nothing.

We hadn't exactly expected Mr. Chamberlain to scream the secrets of his next Budget at the top of his voice, at the same time firing a gun in the air, but since he was addressing a lot of more or less distinguished brain-workers, as they are often called, we thought he might have touched, in the most delicate, gentlemanly, brief, and obliquely allusive manner possible—like a Henry James character referring to a rape—on the question of that rebate on the whisky duty which the intelligentsia, like the City, are awaiting with interest.

There is a rather specially romantic and emotional aspect to this question, incidentally. Week after week, Auntie James Douglas has been urging us to write to our mothers. Many hunting people we know would be only too glad to, if they could think of anything likely to interest their mothers, and if they could write. Extract from our Complete Letter-Writer's Manual, showing how the very subject may be approached with easy grace and dexterity, even by Masters of Foxhounds:

"Do you suppose he requires any assistance?"

XL.—From a Gentleman to his Mother, informing Her of a Rebate on the Whisky Duty:

DEAR MOTHER—There is a rebate on the whisky duty.

Your affectionate Son,
WILLIAM DOUBLE.

La Pudeur Française

IF, as reported in a daily paper, the Ministry of Fine Arts has—and how appropriately!—banned luscious, lingering embraces of the Hollywood type on the part of those citizens of Paris who make love in the Tuileries Gardens, the fact should surprise nobody except a stockbroker. The French are like that. Disconcertingly Victorian in many ways, some people would call them.

One of the most interesting things in theatrical history is the fact that the average eighteenth-century English stage comedy shocked the French profoundly, and that it was almost impossible for any un-vetted English play to pass their Censor. French taste objected to a lot of our favourite comedy situations—coarse jokes put into the mouths of ingénues, for example, drunk gentlemen introduced into the presence of ladies, sneers at family life and religion, women fighting duels in male disguise, fun with highwaymen and prostitutes, and, in general, that looseness of morals and viciousness of outlook which, on our side of the Channel, is instinctively connected with the word "French."

To realise the Victorianism of the French, one has to live for a time in one of their little, sleepy provincial towns. We had always imagined an English cathedral town to be the last word in respectability until a rakish fellow in a Lonsdale play remarked that he had had a lot of fun in one. Since a recent cathedral town night-club case, we 're beginning to believe him, by Heaven! You get nothing of the sort in what the French call un petit trou de province.

THE BYSTANDERS.

FILMS of the DAY

"What's in a Name?"

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

An English Film of "La Bohème"

Gertrude Lawrence as Mimi, Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, as Rodolph, and Harold Warrender as Marcel in the film of "La Bohème" which has been made by B.I.P. in their Elstree studios, under Paul Stein's directorship

"British Agent"

Kay Francis as the lovely Russian spy and Leslie Howard as the "British agent" whom she betrays, falls for, and finally saves, in the film to which Bruce Lockhart's book gave its name, which was at the Regal last week

THE inference that the film *British Agent* is any sort of exposition of Bruce Lockhart's fascinating and interesting book almost amounts to false pretences. The film borrows title, place, and time (Russia during Lenin's reign of terror) from the book, but that is all. It is nothing more nor less than a spy drama, and the interpolated story is the inevitable theme of all spy fiction of this genre. There is the usual love-affair between the beautiful young woman working for her own Government, the Soviet, and the young Englishman engaged in espionage; the betrayal of the man she loves for the sake of her principles, the volte face in obedience to heart throbs, and the final escape.

The names of Kay Francis and Leslie Howard, whose attractiveness and virtuosity are diplomas for any film, as well as the association with Mr. Lockhart's best-seller, will, of course, draw crowded audiences to see *British Agent*; it is a well-made straightforward picture of its kind, but even the talents and charm of these two fine artists cannot lift it to a plane of distinction or conviction.

"MIMI" is another film with star appeal, and for those who batten on gossip about the private lives of public characters there is an added interest in seeing Miss Gertrude Lawrence and Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, together on the screen.

At any rate, the producers are frank enough to announce that *Mimi* is freely adapted from Murger's *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème*. A great deal of trouble has been taken to create the atmosphere of that almost legendary Parisian past. The costumes, by Doris Zinkeisen, are delightful. The photography—of the dim, sepia, with arbitrary lights and shadows variety initiated by Borzage, and never successfully imitated, fails to achieve the intended romantic glamour, and is inducive of eye-strain.

MISS LAWRENCE we know as brilliant modernist comedian. She cannot alter her affinities or change her century by donning flounces and piling up her hair. Mimi, who gave up riches and the gay life for her handsome and penniless composer, and finally died of consumption on the night of his triumph, completely slips through her fluttering, manicured fingers. Her portrayal lacks depth, and her intonations and manner are altogether of the twentieth century.

MR. FAIRBANKS' Rodolph suffers in much the same way, and his wig is unbecoming; Mr. Richard Bird, plumper and be-whiskered, is scarcely recognisable. In the strong cast, which includes Austin Trevor and Carol Goodner, Diana Napier stands out as a young player of potentialities. Fresh, vivacious, and photogenic, her movements produce an authentic frou-frou from her finery, and she makes her exits and entrances refreshing, significant and graceful.

THE inner workings of the American police force are the motif of *Car 99*. Sir Guy Standing, as a mild and bespectacled professor with an insatiable interest in police methods and apparatus, is soon discovered as the head of a dangerous gang of bank robbers. There is a comic sheriff, and a stalwart and susceptible young state trooper for hero. He temporarily loses his capture—the professor and his pseudo-daughter—but wins all, including a pretty telephone operator, in the end. The crooks' car is equipped with radio to listen-in to police messages, smoke-screen apparatus, and flap-over number-plates, and there are a sufficiency of high-speed chases. A mobile, efficient programme picture, with a leaven of pro-police propaganda.

"THE IMMORTAL GENTLEMAN" is further described as "an evening with our national poet, William Shakespeare." This curious pictorial anthology is mighty dull, and will scarcely convert non-Shakespeareans nor satisfy his "fans."

The scene is a tavern in Southwark in 1606, where Shakespeare, Drayton and Jonson forgather to celebrate a successful first night at the Globe. The various patrons of the inn appear to the vainglorious poet as prototypes of his created characters, a device to introduce "interludes" from his plays.

Basil Gill is Master Will, soundly elocutionary, but as disappointing a personality to meet as many a contemporary literary light. He also declaims as Malvolio in the *Twelfth Night* interlude. Rosalinde Fuller plays the Lady, and Ophelia and Juliet opposite Terence de Marney. Both matter and manner are dull and lacking in filmic quality.

"FIGHTING STOCK" is yet another reunion of the redoubtable Walls, Lynn and Hare. It seems wasted effort to continue to make new (sic) films to the old formula. The situations and repartee are deteriorating or staling from repeated exposure. It would be as well, or better, to re-issue the old favourites. But if you know what you like and like what you know, and find it funny to see Robertson Hare with his trousers on fire, here is your cup of tea.

Lady Maureen Noel

Photographs by Lenare

A First-Court Presentation

The Countess of Gainsborough Brings Out Her Only Daughter

Lady Maureen Noel, who is eighteen this year, was presented at the First Court in March by her good-looking mother. Lady Gainsborough, whose husband, the fourth Earl, died in 1927, was Alice Mary Eyre before her marriage in 1915. The present Earl is her twelve-year-old son. Lady Maureen Noel has two debutante cousins to keep her company during her first season—Countess Brydgytte Bentinck and Agnes Celestria King. Her aunt, Lady Clare King, is giving a dance for them both early in May

The Countess of Gainsborough

Miss Jeanne Stourton

Having lunch at the Spotted Dog with her golden cocker, Guillermo, who was given to her by Lady Inchcape. She is now working as confidential secretary to Sir Austen Chamberlain

Swaebe

Mrs. Peter Horlick and Prince Weikesheim

Arriving at the San Marco for supper. Mrs. Peter Horlick's ex-husband is now Sir Peter Horlick; she divorced him last year. Prince Weikesheim, whose family come from Bavaria, works in the City

Mr. Antony Acton the San Marco one

GOING

The "Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

EASTER is approaching, swiftly to be followed by Rogation Days and Ascension Day, which will lead us to Whitsun. The first and last words of this sentence have little significance for Mayfairers other than that of Le Touquet. By now we are all quite certain that Flamenco won the Lincoln and that Golden Miller did not win the Grand National, thereby failing to earn his owner, Miss Dorothy Paget, a trousseau to sport in this Jubilee year. But in this defeat she might have consoled herself with the old adage: "Least said, soonest mended."

I WONDER if she has taken seats at Covent Garden for the coming German opera season, for she spends a great deal of time in that country, and should

Below: the Duchess of Marlborough, who is president of the Debutantes' Ball committee, talking to Mrs. Madge Clark, the organiser, at a meeting at the Dorchester. The ball is on June 25th in aid of the King Edward Memorial Hospital, Ealing

Mrs. Elinor Glyn

Carrying a large sheaf of irises, and regally waiting for a bus outside the Dorchester. She lives in Connaught Place

Right: Lady Mappin, Lady Juliet Duff, and the Hon. Anthony Herbert were at Mr. Charles Birkin's Pay-Party in aid of the Second Feathers Club

Sasha

At Mr. Birkin's Pay-Party at the Bon Viveur

The Duchess of Marlborough

Swaebe

Supper in London's Bit of Venice

and Lord and Lady Harcourt were in a party together at night last week. Lady Harcourt is Lord Ebury's sister

Page-Greaves

At the "Lac-aux-Dames" Première

Baroness Philippe de Rothschild, Lady Deterding, and Baron Philippe de Rothschild were at the Academy for the first night of the new French film. Baron de Rothschild produced "Lac-aux-Dames," and flew over from Paris to see the London première

OUT to GOINGS-ON

be thoroughly proficient in the language by this time. Sir Thomas Beecham and Mr. Geoffrey Toye are working hard on rehearsals at the Garden, which is sold out for the first cycle of *The Ring*. It is pleasing to note that much more news of general interest is emanating from this hive of industry, which usually has kept the buzzing of its bees very much to itself. Other directing powers are Lord Allendale, Captain Victor Cazalet, and Mr. "Mossie" Myers, who is one of those people who do not only promise assistance—but give it, too. Lady Cunard will naturally voice her opinion: seated in her box at the right-hand corner of the stage, she will have a close-up of performers, scenery, and lighting, and can give her co-directors a good idea of her impressions.

At the first night of Elisabeth Bergner's film, *Escape Me Never*, at the Pavilion, somebody jokingly remarked, "Lady Cunard will be gonged if she is not careful," for she was talking to Mr. Cochran during the performance, and Mr. Hore-Belisha was sitting just behind her. One film critic likened the acting of Miss Penelope Dudley Ward to that of Garbo, but to most of us it seemed that it was Bergner's picture.

The Newspaper Press Fund owes a deep debt of gratitude to Sir George Sutton for his activities in its cause. The première of the film *Sanders of the River*, at the Leicester Square Theatre, brought in over £5000 to the Fund.

Below: the Sepa Devi of Nepal, Miss Angela Manning, Miss Diana Mills, and Miss Bee Batlivala sold programmes at the matinée of "Savitri," in aid of the Istanbul International Congress at the Playhouse last week

as Ball President

Programme-Sellers at the Indian Matinée

Princess Paul Troubetzkoy

Sketched at the Savoy Grill, where she was lunching, wearing sage green, and a frilled organdie blouse

Going Out to Goings-On

(*Continued from page 63*)

Moreover, the audience saw a really first-class film: Paul Robeson seemed to get most of the applause when he appeared in person, but second thoughts convinced one that it was Leslie Banks who was the dominating personality: he gives a magnificent performance, as he always does in anything in which he appears, on the stage or the screen.

MR. CHARLIE BIRKIN gave his repeat party at the Bon Viveur: this time it was a pay-party in aid of charity, the Feathers Club, in the East End. I did not hear whether Mr. David Tennant again supplied the cabaret, but the party broke up punctually at 2 a.m., as Mr. Henry Martineau lives in the flat above the club, and quite rightly likes to rest in peace.

I MENTIONED that those friendly rivals, Tilly Losch and Alanova, might see each other perform in their first talking parts. Alanova went to the Ambassadors to see *Everyman*, but could not understand the old-fashioned dialogue, so left before Tilly had done her bit. Tilly intended to go to *Delusion*, at the Comedy, but found the play was so aptly named that it was off after four performances. When her own play finishes, after Easter, she is going to Lismore to stay with Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish. The sight of Miss Losch spinning for salmon in the Blackwater River is one which I much hope to see reproduced in our pages.

LORD CARNARVON was in his very best form at Newbury. He has returned looking very brown from his trip to Cairo, and has an excellent story to tell about his farewell dinner-party. He was entertaining the Prince of Wales at Highclere; also in the party were Sir Delves Broughton, Captain Lionel Montagu and Mrs. Cutbill.

A LETTER from Cannes tells me: "Princess Nicholas of Greece was at the Ambassadors gala dinner last night, and others I saw were Lady Orr-Lewis, Mrs. Philip Legge, Lady Patricia Russell, Mr. Peter Stewart, the Prince of the Asturias, and Mme. Dubonnet—she has now got the most colossal new diamond ring, which cannot be covered by a one-franc piece. At every cabaret Harry Pilcer comes on and does two very old numbers with two very young girls, such as he did with the Dolly Sisters in the dark ages. The sensation is two dancers called Estelle and Leroy. The man used to dance with Marguerite (she married a Raphael), and his new partner, Estelle, is most attractive—dark and slim with a big knot of hair on her neck. At the Monte Carlo gala the great excitement is when you are asked to get up and dance the Blue Danube with whichever of Les Girls you can grasp. There's always an ugly rush for the really ravishing one, and I think this number will be a riot in London."

DURING the past three weeks the West End has had rather a grumble about the lack of trade. Possibly it is the calm before the storm of prosperity which is due to burst in the first week in May. The Embassy is one of the barometers of London's prosperity, and I noticed that it was full on its last extension night. One could have observed that Mr. Reginald Foster is back from India, that Mr. Kellett is back from Africa and America, that Mr. Norman Stewart Dawson escorted one of Les Girls, that the Baroness Bodenhausen has a pretty smile, and that Mr. "Eddy" Eily carries so much ready money on him that he earns the title of "The Travelling Mint."

MR. PEEPS

Bassano

Miss Philippa Nash

She announced her engagement last week to Mr. John Robert McCready, elder son of the Rev. David and Mrs. McCready, of the Vicarage, Old Catton, Norwich. She is the only child of Major-Gen. Sir Philip and Lady Nash, of Thurloe Lodge, S.W.7

Woman to Woman

THE weather for the Grand National couldn't have been better, neither could the visibility; in fact, everything was grand for everybody except the supporters of Golden Miller. You could almost see the bookmakers' sigh of relief as the favourite cast his jockey. Lord Sefton entertained in his usual way in his box. The Prince of Wales, who had come by train for the day from London, was one of his Lordship's guests, and others watching the big race from this point of vantage were Mrs. FitzGerald, in brown, Mrs. Colin Buist, and Mrs. Simpson, the last-named wearing a red check tweed. Most of the 9th Lancers, present and absent, had their shirts on "Frankie" Furlong, their popular ex-regimental jockey, so they all finished the day with their pockets well lined. Lady Jean Dundas was wandering about the paddock with Mr. Wormald, who, like herself, hails from Yorkshire. The Arthur Pilkingtons came with Mr. and Mrs. Pat Dennis, and Captain Pilkington's sister, Mrs. Gordon Foster, was to be seen talking to Captain Edward Brook.

Aeroplanes buzzed around and landed, and out of one stepped Lord and Lady Londonderry and their youngest daughter, Lady Mary Stewart. Later, in the paddock, they were joined by another member of their family, Lady Maureen Stanley, dressed in a neat black coat and skirt, with a red blouse. The Westminsters, as usual, brought a large party over from Eaton Hall in the special train that it is their habit to run. Lady Ainsworth was accompanied by her debutante daughter, Miss Hope-Johnstone, who seems to share the Ainsworth passion for racing; and those inveterate North Country racegoers, Lady Anne and Lady Joan Hope, had come from Edinburgh for the day, escorted by Mr. Richard Calthorpe, whose regiment, the Scots Greys, is stationed in that city, and one or two of the Hope brothers. Mrs. Anthony Eden, whose husband was so busy in Moscow, Warsaw, etc., was in a party with Lord and Lady Grimthorpe and, like a mass of other people, was staying in one of the hotels in Manchester.

LORD WESTMORLAND and Mrs. James Beck, the latter in yet another of those attractive bonnets that she wears, were lunching at the Ritz the other day, back to back with Lady Edward Hay, dressed in grey, and her great friend, Mrs. Robert Jenkinson. At another table sat Lady Mary Lygon, all in black, with a boy friend. Miss Mary Collins came in with Captain Derek Schreiber, who has just returned from Australia with the Duke of Gloucester, and been made an M.V.O. by the King. Both he and the Duke are looking extremely well, and by all accounts, seem to have enjoyed themselves enormously.

APRIL showers (snow or rain) are apt to catch any of us unawares. Captain "Flash" Kellett walked as far as he dared in one the other day with his umbrella neatly rolled on his arm. Soon it became too much for him so, rather than unfurl his "gamp," he hailed a passing "meter." Talking of "meters" reminds us of motors, 30-mile speed limits, and the fact that at least two of our dashing, well-known motoring, peers have already been had up. Lord Portarlington, who's in the "body"-building business, being one, and Lord March, whom we associate with the "track," being the other.

MR. PETE BOSTWICK, our prominent G.R. from America, and his wife were to be seen having supper together at a restaurant the other night. That lovely Miss Alicia Browne was in the same party as Lord Sligo and the popular joint-Master of the Whaddon Chase, Sir Peter Farquhar, on whose estate near Newbury Miss Alicia Browne and her parents, Lord and Lady Kilmaine, live. Mr. Reggie Farquhar was another in the same party; while Mr. and Mrs. Clive Loehnis (we understand he's left the Navy and taken to "movie" work) had with them that good-looking couple, the Algy Ryders. She's dark, attractive, and Canadian; and he's fair, equally attractive, but definitely British. To complete their party of good looks they had the Alexander Wallaces. He was once described as "handsomely sinister," and still is. She is one of the most popular of the young-marrieds, and quite one of the most charming.

MRS. PEEPS

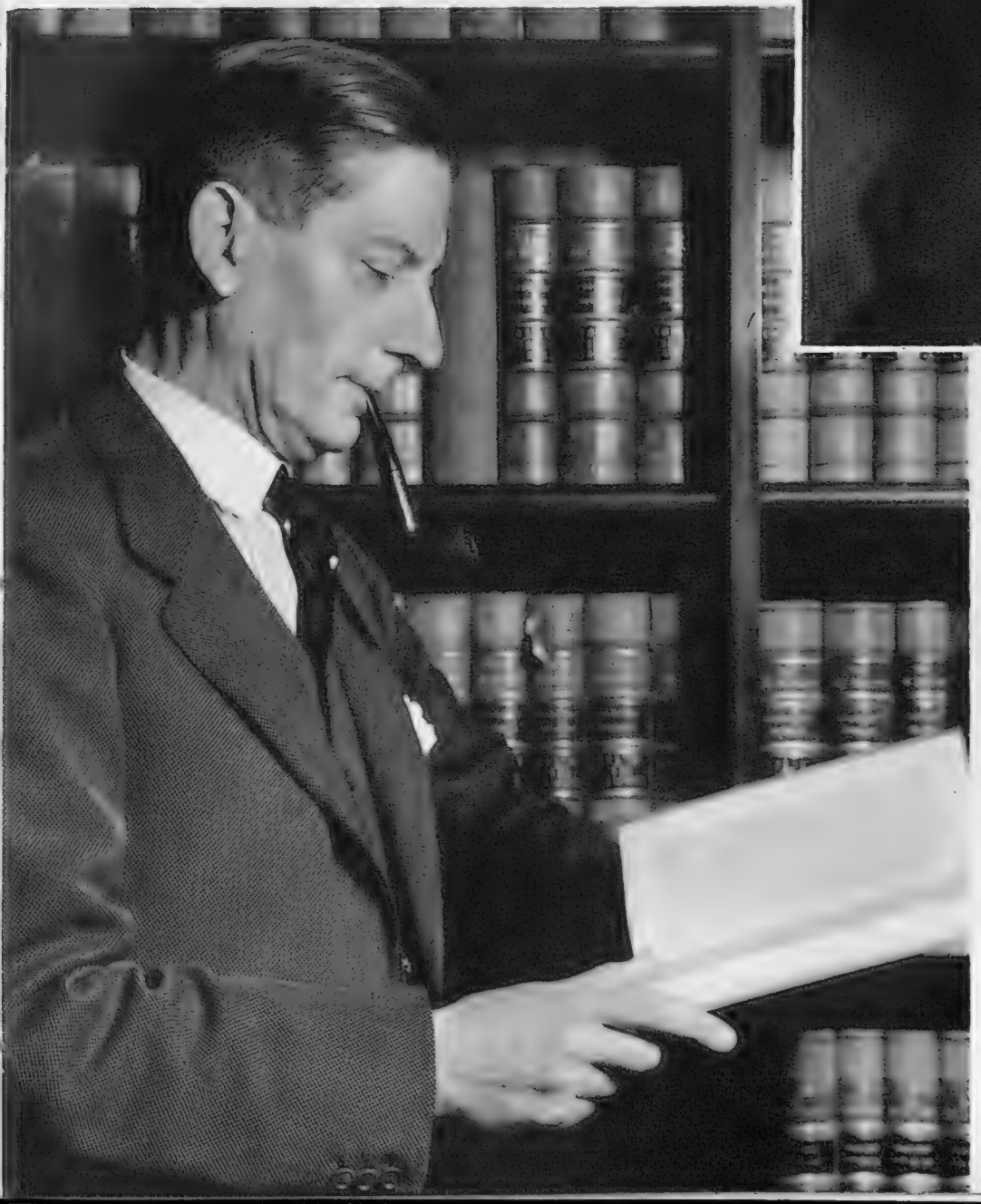
JUSTICE UNROBED:

Our Judges at Home

No. 4. Lord Thankerton

LORD THANKERTON took this title to distinguish himself from his distinguished father, the late Lord Watson of Thankerton. Not often do father and son have identical careers. Watson of Thankerton was, in turn, K.C., M.P., Lord Advocate of Scotland, Lord of Appeal in the House of Lords. His son, William, has also, in turn, been K.C., M.P., Lord Advocate and Lord of Appeal. To look at him, you would think he was about forty, for his voice is young, his manner is young, and his sleek hair is black and plentiful. In fact, he is sixty. For many years in the House of Commons he wrestled, not unsuccessfully, with the Clydesiders, who never threw him once. In token of their respect, they called him "Wullie." Except his countryman, Lord Macmillan, nobody knows more Scottish stories; nor tells them better. Law is the noble Lord's job; but his real love is fishing, whether the elusive trout or the fighting salmon, and he flies a good rod. Out of the fishing season, and at such times and places as no angling is available, he wields the driver and the mashie, the brassie and the putter, not to say the niblick, with earnestness and effect. Lord Thankerton is no recluse. He enjoys cheerful society, and can be as gay as the gayest—let it be added, within the bounds of due decorum.

Lord Thankerton, K.C., Lord of Appeal



Next Week:

Lord Tomlin

Les Girl

The Monte Carlo
1935 Edition) Arriv

HERE we have a quota of the
The proud title of "Les Girls"
of the not unenthusiastic reports
saw (and assisted in) their succes
tables at Monte Carlo (they perform
show (Felix Ferry's responsibility)

Yvonne Grey

Billie Joyce

Evelyn Crowell and

***Yvonne Grey** has been a success in Londo
who is wearing a "cannibal" dress for a
Evelyn Crowell, one of the original beau
as any of them; she has an attractive blond
field. **Nancy Lyon** has been on the films
photographed girl. Red-haired **Ann Roth**
heart of gold," but actually is quiet and*

Left: Ann Graham

s Again!

ollies (Very Special
At Grosvenor House

w Monte Carlo Follies for inspection. re-awarded to them on the strength ceived from returned travellers who amongst the mimosa and roulette d at the Sporting Club). The new ens at Grosvenor House on April 11

Mollie Wakefield

Dorothy McDonald

Nancy Lyon, Above, and on the left

Ann Roth

already. So has ***Billie Joyce,*** *umber called "Savage Rhythm." ies, has as many admirers here co-"Flower" in* ***Mollie Wake-*** *nd is reputed Hollywood's most oks like "a tough baby with a etiring and likes a simple life*

Elisabeth Bergner

In *Escape Me Never* on the New York Stage and in the English Film

WHATEVER the merits or demerits of *Escape Me Never* as a dramatic creation, Margaret Kennedy's play has served as an amazingly successful means of introducing Elisabeth Bergner to the theatre-going audiences of London and New York. On Broadway the German actress has been playing to as crowded and admiring, almost adoring, houses as she did during the London run. And there, as here, everyone is left with the urgent desire to see her in the great classical rôles of the stage. The film, on the other hand, leaves no question behind it; it establishes Elisabeth Bergner quite definitely as one of the finest screen actresses

The photograph above is taken from the British and Dominions film of "Escape Me Never," in which Hugh Sinclair plays Sebastian Sanger, Gemma's selfishly callous composer-lover. Paul Czinner, Elisabeth Bergner's husband, directed the film, with Herbert Wilcox as director of productions. Penelope Dudley Ward acts extremely well as the English girl, Fenella. "Escape Me Never" is now at the London Pavilion

Elisabeth Bergner as Gemma Jones in the Broadway Production

Vandamm, New York

Raeburn Dobson Paints the Marquess of Huntly

For Sale at the Jubilee Ball

Sir John Lavery, seen above seated in his studio, at work on a sketch for decoration for the Jubilee Ball, which will be held at the Albert Hall on May 6th. The artist is using his famous picture of Pavlova as Bacchante as the centre of his scheme, which will represent a ball-room in 1910, and the proceeds of the sale will be given by Sir John to Florence Nightingale Foundations

Above, left: a portrait of the Marquess of Huntly, Scotland's Premier Marquess, who is sixty-eight years of age. The painter is Mr. Raeburn Dobson, a young Edinburgh artist, whose work is being submitted to the Royal Academy. His four previous pictures have all been hung at Burlington House

Talent at the Bank

Mr. Montagu Norman inspecting the paintings at the first annual Exhibition of the Bank of England's Arts Society, held at Draper's Hall, Throgmorton Street

Art and Artists

Pictures Finished and in the Making

Right: Eddie Wenstob, the Canadian cowboy boxer, posing for his picture to Miss Mary Beard, A.R.C.A., at Mr. Louis Golding's gymnasium in London

A Boxer's Portrait

The Middleton Point-to-Point

Mrs. Adrian Scrope talking to Lord Milton at Whitwell, where the meeting was held. Mrs. Scrope's husband has acted as first whipper-in on the Wold side of the country this season; her brother, Sir Richard Sykes, was Master of the Wold side in 1932-3

The Llangibby Meeting

Miss Russell-Clarke and her cousin, Miss Patricia Parkinson, were at this Welsh point-to-point. The latter is joining the Hon. Anne Lewis as joint-Master of the Monmouthshire from May 1st; they will be Wales's first female joint-M.F.H.'s

Below: Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Anson were at the Staff College and Mounted Infantry Club point-to-point near Wokingham. Hugo Anson is in the Rifle Brigade, and is a cousin of Lord Lichfield

The Hugo Ansons

Home Again After the National

Reynoldstown, back again in his home surroundings after his great win at Aintree, was photographed with his owner and trainer, Major Noel Furlong, and his rider, Mr. "Frankie" Furlong. The Furlongs come from Co. Cork, but have lived at Skeffington Hall, in Leicestershire, and hunted with the Cottesmore for some years now

The Horse —of Course!

Below: Captain and Mrs. R. F. P. Monckton with the presentation pieces given to them by the members of the Albrighton on Captain Monckton's retirement from Mastership. He has been with the Albrighton since 1929. His silver fox and his wife's brooch were presented to them at the meet at Tong

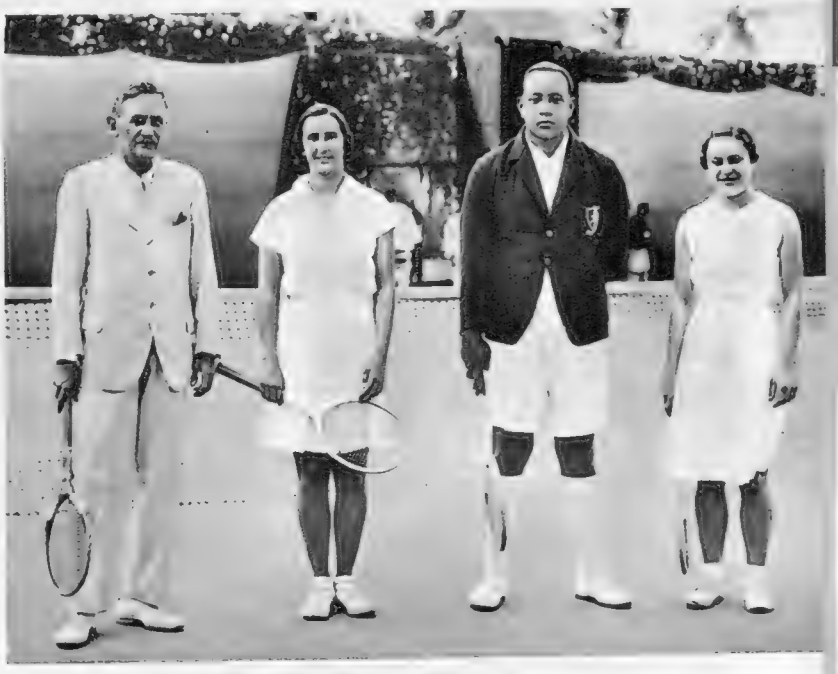
A New Headmaster

Mr. Robert Birley, history master at Eton, has been appointed headmaster at Charterhouse, to succeed Mr. Frank Fletcher, who is retiring at the end of the summer term. Mr. Birley is well under forty, and will be one of the youngest headmasters of a public school

The King and Queen in Sussex

The King and Queen leaving the Cooden Beach Hotel at Bexhill after visiting Lord and Lady De La Warr there and inspecting the hotel, which belongs to them. In the photograph above, the King is behind, the Hon. Jean Bruce is talking to Lord De La Warr, and Lady De La Warr is walking with the Queen

Below:
Mr. Leonard, a British resident, Miss Dorothy Round, the lawn tennis champion, the Sultan of Pahang, the host at Pahang, and Miss Mary Heeley. Miss Round has been playing in the Australian championships, and broke her return journey at the Malay States, where she joined Miss Heeley, who had come out from England to join her there



A Round Trip

• ROUNDABOUT

Lady Renwick and Her Daughters

Lady Renwick and her two daughters, Jennifer and Susan, were photographed at their home, Coombe Oak, Kingston Hill. Lady Renwick was Dorothy Parkes before her marriage to Robert Renwick in 1929; he succeeded his father as second Baronet in 1932. The Renwicks have a third daughter, born last year

Below: the Paravicini Family Go By Air

M. Charles Paravicini, the Swiss Minister, and his two daughters, Jacqueline and Livia, started off for Switzerland last week by the new Swiss Air Service. They travelled in one of the Douglas "flying hotels," which was making the inaugural flight of the new service. On the right is Mlle. Marie Voegeli, the stewardess, known as an "air hostess"

Grand National Festivities

Lady Findlay, Mr. Robert Speir, Mrs. Speir, and her brother, Sir Edmund Findlay, Bt., at the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, on the night of the Grand National. Sir Edmund has a number of horses in training, and is one of the keenest of young owners. The Speirs live at North Berwick

A Racing Reverie

A Memorable Meeting

By "Regular"

Captain Tommy Graves, the bookmaker who will one day be a peer, with Mrs. Noble and Mr. Victor Gilpin. Mrs. Noble, previous to her marriage, was Miss Joan Miller, of New York

As, I suppose, a number of you expected me to give you the low-down on the Dorothy Paget-Basil Briscoe-"Gerry" Wilson fracas, I may tell you I have not seen any of the parties concerned since Liverpool, so those who thought that I had spent the last few days with one ear glued to Golden Miller's box and the other at Miss Paget's boudoir key-hole will be disappointed.

The man—or was it a woman?—who wrote that it 's easier to be a good loser than a good winner, ought to have had his bumps felt. Anyone in the world, after a victory, can run around saying "Thank you *so* much. Thanks, awfully. Great old horse, isn't he? So glad, for So-and-So's sake," and sock their friends and hangers-on a lot of champagne.

In the hour of defeat it 's a very different kettle of fish. Ever since I started racing, my one prayer has been that I should lose less frequently but with better grace. Whether the second part of my prayer has been answered, I wouldn't like to say. I only know the first part hasn't.

Don't think for a moment that I am suggesting that any of the three parties are bad losers. All three had been labouring under a fearful strain, and the reaction after Golden Miller's fall from grace must have been terrific. It all seemed just too bad to be true, and if either of them, or all three, said things they will be sorry for when they calm down, who could blame them?

The trouble with us these days is that we get so carried away by our hero-worship that we cease to regard our heroes as only flesh and blood, and believe them incapable of making mistakes, and when they do, we search for some bogus reason for their failure.

We all know (or should know) that horses are not machines, and the same applies to men. Lindrum sometimes misses a half-ball loser, and Bradman hits across a straight one and gets bowled. In the National, Golden Miller (according to the photographs) made a slight mistake, and "Gerry" Wilson fell off—a thing he would not have done once in fifty times. In the Champion 'Chase, on the following day, Golden Miller made the sort of mess of a fence he would not do once in fifty times, and "Gerry" this time had no earthly.

No horse ever went to the post for the National looking better than Golden Miller, and if he suffered any ill-effects from the terrific race he had with Thomond II. at Cheltenham, he certainly did not show it. When Basil Briscoe started training, a number of the older trainers scratched their heads and asked what this boy knew about training. Recently, one of the oldest and most famous of our trainers remarked to me: "I take my hat off to Briscoe. Year after year he produces Golden Miller fit to run for his life just when he wants him." May I add that those are my sentiments as well?

Briscoe cares more for Golden Miller than for anything in the world. I remember sitting up late with him one night, and for two hours he extolled on the merits of this wonderful horse. I honestly believe that it would almost break his heart to lose him, and I sincerely hope that both owner and trainer will be content to let bygones be bygones, and that Basil will continue to train him.

In company with many others, on my one interview with Miss Paget, I found her a lady of few words. When she was told who I was she said "Oh!", and that ended the conversation. I understand, however, that when she does decide to break one of her long silences, she can speak to some effect.

I have dealt at such length with the question of Golden Miller that I have left myself little space to deal with a very memorable meeting. Let me, first of all, congratulate Mr. Wood, the Clerk of the Course, on the excellence of the arrangements. It was a triumph for his organisation, and although the busiest man at Liverpool, he finds time to exchange a civil word with the thousand and one people who ply him with damn silly questions.

To prepare your own horse for the National and then see your son ride it to victory—what more could a man want? And I can think of no greater thrill on this earth than that which came the way of Major Furlong.

When we realised that Golden Miller was down, the salt seemed to have gone out of life, but our interest was quickly revived when we saw what a great fight the gallant little Thomond was making. Though lighter of flesh than ever, as the result of his Cheltenham race, his heart was still big. As early as Becher's, second time round, he began to jump to the right, and I realised he was tiring; but he just wouldn't give in, and, magnificently ridden by Billy Speck, he still had a chance right up to the last fence, but, after that, Nature was too strong even for his indomitable spirit, and he could barely crawl past the winning-post.

Throughout the closing stages, I always thought Reynoldstown would win, but if Blue Prince's saddle had not slipped, there might have been a different story. Under the circumstances, Billy Parvin did wonders to get where he did.

The scene round the unsaddling enclosure beggars description. I find myself hauled up on to the weighing-room window-sill, where I have a grand view. Mr. Furlong waves his cap and we cheer like mad. It is all very moving, but my thoughts go back to the gallant little Thomond II., and I wish that his most sporting of owners, "Jock" Whitney, had not made that great gesture and taken on "the Miller" at Cheltenham. If that tremendous race had not been run . . . Who knows?

Before the Big Race

A close-up of Mrs. Kingslake Tower and Mrs. Archie Hay. The former was Louise Sandeman, and is the owner of Fonab, a lovely place in Perthshire, where she and her husband now live. Mrs. Hay was Magda Stourton, and is Jeanne Stourton's sister

Left : Miss Violet de Worms, whose racing fashions generally add colour to the meetings she attends. Here she is in brown and white tweeds, and a brown halo hat tied with ribbons under her chin

Below : the Countess de Pret Roose walking round with Major Carlos Clarke. She was very neat in a wool dress and short three-quarter coat

Up At Aintree

A Cast-Back to Grand National Day

It Was a Fine Spring Day

Above : Mr. Roger Harvey, who is in the Scots Guards, and Mrs. E. Wrenn Dupont, who flew from Scheidegg straight to Aintree. She looked very smart in her grey dress with white collar and cuffs, and a halo hat with a big white bow on the front

Left : Lady Anne Hope walking round with Mr. R. H. A. G. Calthorpe. She wore navy blue with a red belt, and a red bow in her hat

Right : a trio of experts were the Hon. Mrs. Aubrey Hastings, and her daughter Diana, and (centre) Mrs. Pete Bostwick, the wife of the American G.R.

John Radnor on "Rugger"

A Team of All Our Talents

Left: F. W. Simpson, Blackheath's scrum-half, passing to W. P. Barton, the right-wing three-quarter, in their last home match of the season, when Bristol were beaten by 27 points to nil

Bristol at the Rectory Field

Below: the Harlequins entertained Gloucester at Twickenham, and beat them by 31 points to 10 in a match full of incident and interesting open play. The picture shows the ball going loose after the break up of a scrum

The 'Quins Beat Gloucester

THERE has been some talk of a highly unofficial nature, about the possibility of a match between a Barbarian side and the next New Zealanders. A Barbarian side for such an encounter would, I imagine, mean an all-British fifteen. It is at least an intriguing idea, and the ordinary follower of Rugby may be pardoned if he uses it as a peg upon which to pitch one of his own—to wit, the side he would have picked this season to represent Great Britain at the end of the six International matches.

Now, there are several ways of selecting such a side, and most of them wrong. One is to see that each of the four Home Counties is fairly represented—a good way to please everybody before the match and invite assassination afterwards. Many an International Selector, I suspect, has sold his soul in order that North or South or East or West, rich man or poor man, or such-and-such a successful club should have a close interest in the big event just ahead.

No finer way of ensuring defeat exists. So that the first thing to do, obviously, is to forget whether one is an Englishman or a Scotsman or an Irishman or a Welshman.

First let us start under the goal-posts, as it were, and find the best full-back available—make a note of that word "available"; it will save much time and argument—to stand up to the kind of team one imagines will be sent over from New Zealand. Boughton, Marshall, Morris, Jenkins, and James—please observe that I attach no national labels—were the five men who reached the representative games, and I do not think we need look any further.

Boughton, a veteran in a good state of repair, passed all the tests except that which might have been provided by an opposing pack of fast forwards not under control. His place-kicking alone made him a notable figure, and sound place-kickers are horribly rare. Marshall obtained three more caps as a result of D. I. Brown's continued misfortune, and thoroughly justified himself. He gave a masterly display behind routed forwards and submerged backs in the wet at Dublin, but was not so finished a player as Boughton at Murrayfield. Morris, an excellent back, I eliminate on the ground of lack of size; Jenkins because of lack of first-class match practice nowadays; and James because I have not seen enough of him in big football.

My choice falls on Boughton—his veterancy represents a slight risk—if only because one must have a reasonably reliable place-kicker.

Now for the three-quarters. Heaven knows where the wings are, and it is cowardice, not method, that makes me turn first to the centres, who obviously, to my mind, would be Cranmer and Wooller. Leyland, a true footballer, would be my first reserve. Bailey would only be in the running if one thought most of defence—a fatal thing, nine times out of ten.

O'Connor, a rare trier and opportunist, might prove a success on the left wing if properly served. Bassett, determined and strong rather than fast and clever, is another possibility for either wing. I must assume Cowey to have dropped out altogether through injury. Then—and don't laugh, please—there is that fine runner—if discredited centre—Heaton. But my nerve fails me when I think of his apparent want of the big match—the *really* big match—temperament, or, rather, temper. Booth, a useful man in his day, has lost his pace. There seems no one else experienced enough or good enough. I hasten to add that Idwal Rees, a spare centre also, does not come into this rather contemptuous category, but I would only play him if, in some preliminary trial match to which we are entitled, Bassett proved a failure on the right wing. Rees, none the less, is a really fine footballer. Faviell, not yet a Cap, might win his spurs in a trial, but it is only a but.

So it will have to be Bassett or Idwal Rees, Cranmer, Wooller, O'Connor.

AT half-back, we are faced with an embarrassing choice. Shaw or Cliff Jones, for the stand-off position, and Logan or Morgan for the donkey-work. Shaw, exceptionally swift, and Logan, gallant and experienced, are a tried Barbarian and national pair. Jones, unlucky never to have had a first-class partner—for Powell was only the ghost of the old Powell—is just as much a match-winner as Shaw and just as likely to take and give his passes as well as that player. Morgan, behind his own national pack, proved the equal of Logan or anybody playing. But I have a team to pick, and I plump for the ready-made pair, Shaw and Logan.

Now for the forwards, who really call the tune, though one nearly always leaves them to the last. I think the possible permutations and combinations rather frighten one.

I would like to think we had a pack fast and clever enough, while also big enough, to run the All-Blacks about and rattle them in the open as they threaten to rattle us. But there are no Wakefields and Tom Voyces to-day, and I look as hopefully as I can to a solid, honest pack who may be able to force the opposition to scrummage for all they are worth and also to fight them tooth and nail—not, of course, literally; we don't want another Twickenham incident. I am not going to worry so much about a master hooker as a master pack of shovers and fighters. Getting the ball slowly is no good against All-Blacks.

THERE is no space left in which to run through all the possibles. I am going to write down the names of the eight men, all of weight, fine experience and sterling quality, whom I consider best-suited for a battle with the giants from New Zealand and able to pack in the 3—4—1 formation, so that the heeling, when it occurs, may be quick.

Siggins, Walker, and Beamish would make a front row that would not buckle even with Dicks and Clarke and Beattie and Waters shoving behind them. The South Africans had big men up in front who could stand the converging shove of the 3—4 arrangement. It is an absurd idea that any but big men can do so. Russell, another powerful player as well as a great one, would be in the back row. No second-rate wingers here. Shove and fight would be the watchword.

Well trained and well led by Siggins, they would hold a good sporting chance. How I would like to see my team, especially my pack, put to the test!

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C.F.H. 99

The Last March Wedding

Mr. Edward Rhys Wingfield and Lady Norah Jellicoe

Edward Rhys Wingfield is the only son of the late Capt. C. J. T. R. Wingfield and Lady Violet Wingfield, and is in the 60th Rifles; Lady Norah Jellicoe is Admiral of the Fleet Earl and Countess Jellicoe's third daughter

Above are three of the guests: Miss Vesey, Mrs. Fitzroy Forbes and Mrs. William Forbes

Above: the trio in the centre are Mrs. Heaton, Mr. Charles Madden, Sir Charles Madden's son, and Lady Prudence Jellicoe, the bride's younger sister

Right: Lady Myrtle Balfour, the Jellicoes' second daughter, arranging the bride and bridegroom's departure. Her husband organised aeroplanes for their going-away and for guests from the Isle of Wight

THE Wingfield-Jellicoe wedding at All Souls', Langham Place, was followed by a reception in Cadogan Square, which considerably increased the sparse Saturday afternoon traffic through Mayfair. The six bridesmaids, who included Lady Bridget Poulett, wore British Legion poppy-red dresses of taffeta—a nice background for the bride's parchment satin. The Wingfields are having a Majorcan honeymoon

Miss Bridget Smiley, one of the six bridesmaids, arriving at the reception

Lord Poulett as Best Man

Lord Poulett was best man (for the first time) to Mr. Wingfield; with him are his mother, Lady Poulett, Capt. Maurice Wingfield and Mr. Alister Maynard

Miss Christie, Miss Baker and Miss Joan Baker were another nice-looking trio of unmarrieds who went to the Wingfield-Jellicoe wedding at All Souls', Langham Place

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

There is something gay and springlike about this ensemble from the coats and skirts department at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. The skirt is in black wool mousse, and so is the sleeveless semi-swagger coat, though the latter is reversible. Printed silk with a white background and small black checks, surmounted by clumps of flowers in black, green and red makes the corsage. It has leg-o'-mutton sleeves and a draped V neck-line enlivened by a spray of flowers in harmony with the colour - scheme

Lenare

Lingerie That Pleases

The lovely nightgown below is made in satin, with the corsage and centre panel in georgette encrusted with écru racine lace. Being cut on the cross it is moulded to the figure and falls in graceful folds round the knees. It is available in turquoise and ivory. Many of the nightgowns this season are accompanied by coatees, some short and waisted, others three-quarter length with flowing sleeves trimmed with lace

Printed Celanese satin with a gay floral design makes the pyjamas portrayed on the left. The jumper is trimmed at the neck and arm-holes with écru net, and ties at the back with a sash, while the trousers are cut on full lines with net round the legs. These may be seen at Derry and Toms, Kensington High Street, and cost £1. There are also travelling pyjamas in artificial silk taffeta

Women who are busy collecting a trousseau should make a point of visiting the Lingerie Department at Derry and Toms, where they will find the loveliest of things at very moderate prices. These cami-knickers are made in heavy washing satin encrusted with racine lace. They are cut on the cross and fit perfectly; and the shoulder straps are adjustable. In banana and ivory, they are priced at 39s. 11d.

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There is nothing over 8½ guineas.

Obviously, prices such as these are considerably less than those generally associated with this Establishment, but it should not be lightly assumed that there is anything lacking in either Style or Workmanship in the garments themselves. Everything shown is up-to-date in Fashion and Originality, and made from materials that can be thoroughly recommended; while both the Cut and Finish unmistakably bear the inimitable *cachet* of this Famous House.

THIS EXQUISITE PICTURE GOWN of heavy moiré is most becoming and distinctive. The fichu is finished with a posy of flowers to tone. Stocked in stone, beige, parchment, white, navy, blue and black. Price 6½ gns.

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THE BYSTANDER TWINS

These bags are made of calf, lined with moiré and fitted with the new Yale key interior fitting. The one on the left is in cameo cream, and the other is a study in black and white. Both may be purchased at Marshall and Snelgrove, Birmingham, and cost a guinea each

Lastex yarn lace is the material used for these "La France" pantees and brassière. They are made by Wolsey, and are ideal for sports or evening wear, as they will not wrinkle or show through the most slim-fitting dress

one of the
is is seen
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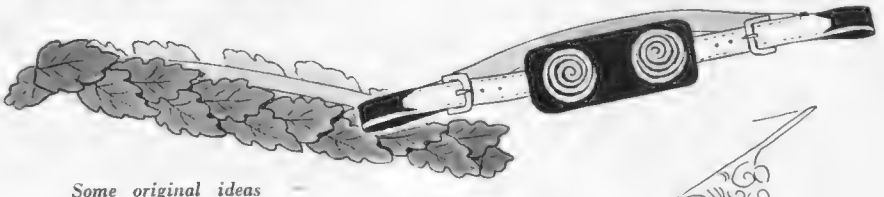


Some original ideas in belts are included in Matita's spring collection. The one illustrated above consists of brown leather oak leaves with a concealed fastening. Next to it is a green and brown belt, also in leather, with an amusing ornamentation in spiral brass

The Louisa Slater head-support will banish all sense of strain when lying in the bath, as the head can rest with absolute comfort. It is made from the finest resilient rubber, and has adjustable straps. From the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, it costs 7s. 6d.

These scarves bear the name of Matita. They are both made from Irish linen, combining red with royal blue. The one above is merely twisted, with the ends flattened out to form a butterfly effect; while the other is shirred with fringed ends which pass through a slot

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Miss Edna Ferber's New Novel

By A. G. Macdonell

WHAT extraordinarily good work is coming out of America these days! Thornton Wilder, Willa Cather, Susan Ertz, and Edna Ferber are four names that jump to the pen, and there are many more. And they are writing American books, not simply imitating the best of the Old World. It is with Miss Ferber that we are concerned here. Her new book is called *Come and Get It* (Heinemann; 8*s.* 6*d.*), and it is a full money's-worth. (Incidentally, what an amazing difference that extra bob in the price makes nowadays. A measly little 200 pages may be fobbed off on us for 7*s.* 6*d.* But the moment the price goes up to 8*s.* 6*d.*, then we can be certain that we are going to get an overflowing measure.)

Miss Ferber begins with a memorable picture of life in Wisconsin when the North was young, and the immigrants were feeling their way through the virgin forests. Barney Glasgow was the son of Andrew, an Ulsterman, and he launched out from lumbering to paper-making and became the most powerful man in the whole district. A grand character is Barney, big and strong and full of energy, dominating everyone, and feared and admired. But at fifty-five or thereabouts he fell in love with Lotta, a Scandinavian waitress of dazzling beauty. Lotta had only one objective in life—to climb in the world—and she was ready to accept impartially either Barney or Barney's son, Bernie. An explosion on a yacht wiped out Barney (a rather forced touch of melodrama), and so the lovely Lotta married young Bernie. There was not the same driving-power in young Bernie as there was in his rugged father, but he was, nevertheless, a man of vision. He foresaw the European Armageddon, and so he bought iron-mines cheap, and in 1918 was a multi-millionaire. Then Lotta let herself go. She came to Europe and spent money with all the hideous vulgarity, the wasteful ostentation, the stupid arrogance that only American millionairesses of the boom period were capable of. All this part of the book is brilliantly and ruthlessly done. In the end, the Wall Street slump reduces the Glasgow multi-millions to more reasonable dimensions, and the great-grandson of the first Andrew Glasgow goes back to the Wisconsin woods to learn the family trade. A powerful and moving book.

Edna Ferber

The distinguished American authoress, whose new novel, entitled "Come and Get It" (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.), is reviewed on this page

THERE is no vigour and ruthlessness about *Our Young Barbarians*, by Miss Barbara Silver (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*), but instead there is a graceful charm and an easy, flowing style. As a rule, I shrink as much from books that are cast in the form of letters as from those which are extracts from diaries, but Miss Silver's letters from an Oxford undergraduette to a girl friend are an exception. The range of her mind and the variety of her interests swing you along gently and yet without a pause, and she will discuss the Canadian method of making fudge, or Swift on Lady Ashburnham's death, or the feelings of one who has just exchanged the comparative comfort of a canoe for the icy waters of the Char, or the poems of John Donne, or the sweeping rhetoric of Sir Thomas Browne with an equal felicity. Sometimes, Miss Silver lets her easy style trip up into stiltedness, but it is not very often, and it is a compliment to the rest to say that the reader is shocked by these occasional lapses.

MR. MARK HELLINGER is an American short-story writer, scenarist, and columnist, and it takes no literary genius to detect that his model is O. Henry. In *The Ten Million* (The Bodley Head; 8*s.* 6*d.*), the likeness crops up all the time. There is the same skill in putting the sting in the last line of the story, the same profound interest in, and sympathy with, the criminal classes, the drunks, the cops, and the underworld in general. Mr. Hellinger does it very well. His descriptions of "Texas" Guinan, and Arnold Rothstein, the gambler, and Jim the Scratch, the forger, are excellently done, and he brings out very vividly the atmosphere of Broadway, that street of glittering lights and romance and rascality. But I must draw the line at his trotting out as if it was new, and his own, the hoary tale of the two young men who dug up Fifth Avenue for a bet. The story of Piccadilly and Mr. C——— was bewhiskered when I was playing marbles with the milkman's boy. And some of Mr. Hellinger's judgments are so cynical as to be almost inhuman if they were not rather silly. But there is plenty of entertainment in the book.

"MORE THAN KIND" (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is written with all Miss Caroline Seaford's slick speed. The characters dart in and out briskly, usually never to reappear, and the conversation patters along like rain upon a tin roof, making a gentle sound and leaving very little behind. The heroine, Prudence, is a prig off the highest shelf of prigs. She only wants to be kind to the old, thereby combining the least pleasing aspect of the Boy Scout movement with a sort of inverted cradle-snatching—a metaphorical Resurrectionism, in fact. Prudence goes about the country trying to do her good-act-a-day stuff on people who are fantastically remote from reality, like Colonel Edward Wolferstan or the old lady who kept a record in a book of all the major disasters of the year. They simply do not exist, not even as pale ghosts. There is no denying that Miss Seaford is clever, with a talent for smart writing.

MR. JOHN LEEMING describes in *The Garden Grows* (Harrap; 7*s.* 6*d.*) how he took a piece of waste land in Cheshire and made it into a garden. To judge from the photographs, he has certainly made a good job of it, and his pages are full of unobtrusive good sense. I applaud his stand for the good, old English flower-names, like Forget-Me-Not and Columbine, and his whole-hearted attack on the grey squirrel, that atrocious vermin; and I found much that was interesting in his description of how he made his water-garden. But I think the pages which I liked best were the ones devoted to the ancient and mysterious art of thatching. Indeed, it is more than an art, and Mr. Leeming is correct in using the word "rite" instead.

A FORTNIGHT ago I reviewed a novel by Miss Mabel Tyrrell, called *Monkey's Money*, and published by Heinemann at 7*s.* 6*d.* For some inexplicable reason the title appeared as *Monkey's Jam*. How I confused jam with money I do not know, for I regard the former with indifference, the latter with a warm enthusiasm. However, there it is, and I hereby apologise to authoress, publisher, and public, for so sadly misnaming a book which I enjoyed.

Sunningdale Foursomes

Some of the Personalities Portrayed by H. H. Harris

The Unconversational Pieces: John Morrison, A. W. McLure, Abe Mitchell, and Joyce Wethered

The Bright Young Things: Robert Sweeny and John de Forest

The Long-Hitting Pair: Pam Barton and Leslie Garnett, runners-up

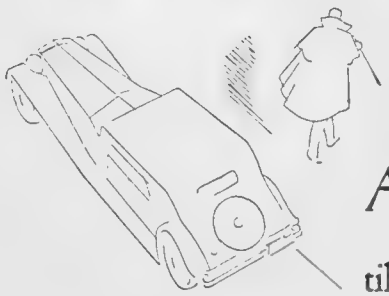
Right: Mrs. Percy Garon, smoking and smiling

Right: Mrs. M. L. Clarke decorated her hair with every tee she could find

Left: Major Guy Bennett, the Sunningdale secretary, had a flag-day

Who lives at

NUMBER ONE PICCADILLY?



A certain Aristocrat of cosmopolitan Fame, till lately residing at No. 84 Piccadilly, has now removed his Headquarters to the most Memorable Address in the world—to wit, *No. 1 Piccadilly* ★ ★ ★ Who is he? Who should most fittingly be housed at the very *Hub of Civilization*?

DE RESZKE

– of course!

THE ARISTOCRAT OF CIGARETTES ★ ★ ★ *J. Millhoff & Co. Ltd., Number One Piccadilly, London, W.1*

The "Great Joyce"—

and the Sunningdale Foursomes

By J. S. F. Morrison

Miss Joyce Wethered

Who, with our contributor, J. S. F. Morrison, won the All-Comers' Foursomes Tournament at Sunningdale

THE Sunningdale Open Foursomes Tournament, besides providing many most interesting matches, proved beyond all shadow of doubt that the greatest lady golfer the world has ever seen is still at the present time a considerably better player than any other woman, not to mention a large percentage of men golfers. In these foursomes the professionals (men) play off plus two, all women off four, and all other golfers off scratch, and the matches are played under full difference of handicap. The "all other golfers" includes, besides others, assistants and those who earn their living as salesmen of golf balls, and, for some not obvious reason, are considered by the "powers that be" ineligible to play in amateur golfing events.

Sixty-four couples went into the draw, and many and various were the occupations of those who took part; the entry list included a green-keeper, a green-man, a gardener, a professional cricketer, an artist, a first-class lawn tennis player, a bookmaker, and no fewer than two lady barristers. Miss Joyce Wethered, handicapped by a partner, but assisted to a slight extent by his excellent caddy, James Davidson, won the tournament by defeating L. G. Garnett and Miss Pam Barton in the final by three holes up and two to play.

MISS WETHERED ceased playing championship golf in 1925, but the allurement of winning a championship at St. Andrews proved so great that she decided to play again in 1929, when she won once more, but only after a tremendous tussle (she stood five down on the tenth tee) in the final against Miss G. Collett, of U.S.A. Since this championship Miss Wethered has had little time for golf, and was very short of practice on her arrival at Sunningdale; but every round she played she got better and better, and both in her semi-final and final matches played the best golf of the four players concerned.

In her first match, against W. M. Watt, an ex-holder of the Scottish Professional Championship, and his son and assistant, Jim, Miss Wethered had to hole a very doubtful putt of about six feet on the sixteenth green to retain her lead of one hole. In her second match, against Charles Whitcombe and W. H. Macdonald, she played what was probably the worst shot produced by any player during the meeting. It was at the ninth hole, where her opponents were in the bunker on the right, on the edge of the green in two, and she was faced with a simple pitch over a mound to the hole, not more than 40 yards away; she looked up, completely fluffed the shot, and finished in a bunker a few yards away in the direction of cover-point, and finally lost the hole to a five, and found herself two up, when a lead of four holes had appeared certain. In our issue of March 13th I described very similar shots played by R. T. Jones and Walter Hagen.

Miss Wethered made ample amends for this error by producing in the same match, at the seventeenth hole, what was probably the best shot of the meeting after her side had again holed a good putt on the sixteenth green to win a hole it looked like losing. She had to play this shot, the second to the seventeenth, from the left, close to and behind the trees; she took a spoon, made the ball rise extremely quickly, and hit it as straight as a die, bang over the trees to the green. In her next match, against Abe Mitchell and A. W. McLure, she got through by the skin of her teeth. Mitchell and his partner won the first two holes in 3, 4, and were still two up on the seventeenth tee; a nett three won Miss Wethered the seventeenth hole, and at the eighteenth she ran up sufficiently close for her partner to hole the putt and win the hole in four. McLure, who had not previously played a loose shot, pushed his tee shot into a bunker, and his side never looked like getting the four that was necessary for victory. At the nineteenth Miss Wethered lashed a brassie shot home to the heart of the green, and won the hole in a nett three.

Runners-Up at Sunningdale

Miss Pam Barton and L. G. Garnett, who lost the All-Comers' final at Sunningdale to J. S. F. Morrison and Miss Joyce Wethered by 3 and 2

By now, after these three close matches and her lucky but gallant escape, Miss Wethered had played herself in, and was never again in grave danger of defeat; she won her fourth round and semi-final matches with something to spare.

IN the final Miss Wethered's side started 4, 4, 3, 3, 4, figures she could hardly have bettered if she had been playing her own ball, and was three up on L. G. Garnett and Miss Pam Barton; she lost the eighth to a two and the ninth to a four, where her side took three shots from the edge of the green. Miss Barton and her partner were in trouble on the left all the way to the tenth, and lost the hole, but reduced their deficit by playing the eleventh in three; Garnett hit a magnificent tee shot, only three yards short of the green, at a hole that measures 296 yards. He was lucky at the twelfth to find his ball lying perfectly in the heather on the right, but his side failed to take advantage of this good fortune, taking three putts and losing the hole. Garnett was bunkered at the short thirteenth, and became three down; his side won the fourteenth, only to lose the fifteenth; a half at the sixteenth finished the match. How good the golf was in this match can be seen from the approximate score of the better ball of the two couples, which was as follows: 4, 4, 3, 3, 4, 5, 4, 2, 4, equals 33; and in, 4, 3, 4, 3, 5, 3, 4, equals 26, or five under an average of fours for the sixteen holes played, certainly good going for mixed foursome golf from the medal tees.

Both the male finalists had been present at the BYSTANDER Trophy Meeting at Felixstowe, one as a player, and the other as a mathematician, and no doubt had benefited from a week-end at the seaside.

Miss Wethered is not only one of the best strikers of a golf ball, males not excepted, but also the possessor of one of the best golfing temperaments; the more vital a particular shot is, the more likely is she to play it to perfection. There are very many players, who are capable of producing good golf shots, but not a large number, who can produce them when they are really wanted or when defeat stares them in the face if a good shot is not played.

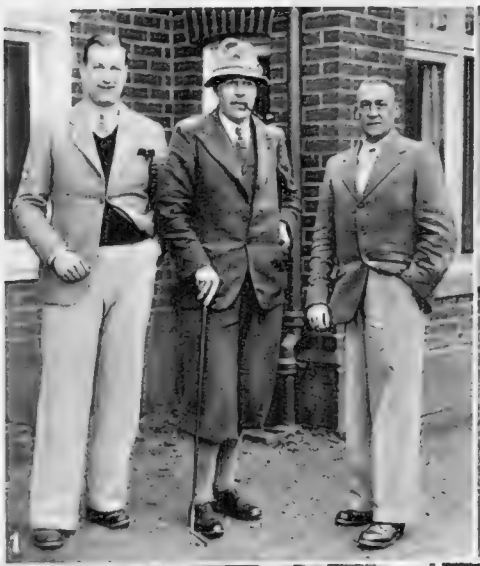
It is to the credit of her women opponents, Miss Isabella Rieben and Miss Pam Barton, that they refused to be overawed at having to play against the "GREAT JOYCE," an experience, which has made even gallant soldiers with great war records frightened.

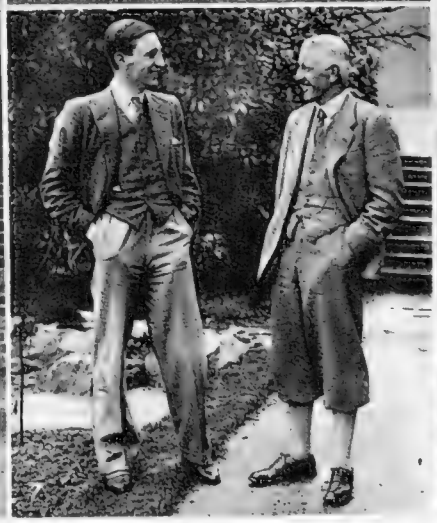
Golf Clubs at Home

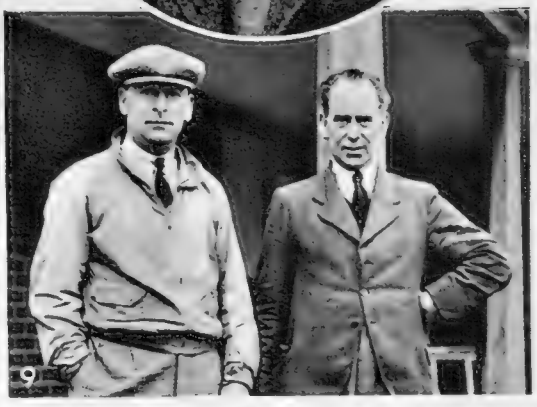
Dorset Golf Club, Broadstone

A View of the Club-House

(1) Edward Edwards (secretary), Lt.-Col. A. H. Roberts, D.S.O., O.B.E., and K. E. Moore (assistant secretary). (2) F. Toley, (committee-man) and "Pat." (3) A. Pope, Lt.-Col. R. F. G. Bond and Comdr. R. H. Bacon. (4) Sir Arthur Marshall, K.B.E., and A. W. M. Greenfield. (5) J. Leys and W. Bedford. (6) Harold Clapham and C. G. Edmonstone. (7) J. R. Sherborne and E. W. Davy. (8) George Dunman. (9) E. R. Devereux (professional), and G. Davis (steward)







The Holders Confer

The 1934 holders of the Trophy discuss the first hole. Miss Barbara Lees (Huddersfield) and Miss Mary Johnson (Hornsea)

The Wind and the Rain! Some Surprising Forms of Feminine Apparel Seen at Ganton

DEAR BYSTANDER,

DID I guess that you were asking me whether it was cold at Ganton? Have I ever been able to report anything else to you after this yearly expedition to Northern Foursomes? Did not our feet freeze at Alwoodley, and teeth chatter at Royal Lytham and St. Annes? Honestly, it was a trifle reminiscent of both to see wisps of snow lying in the bunkers round the eighteenth on arrival at Ganton on the morning the Foursomes began, and to be told that, an hour or so earlier, the fairways had been white.

But this year the sun at least shone, giving a semblance of warmth, if you could get to leeward of a large enough whin-bush, and making all the vale and the wolds and the hills perfectly enchanting to look at. (Provided, of course, that you could keep your eyes open to look: there were moments when the tearing, cold wind, driving the hail before it, made it impossible to do anything except keep them tight shut.)

There are, however, always mercies somewhere. Ganton, after the most severe storm, is always dry to the feet, the holes inspiring to play. Even if you had to be proud of reaching the long holes in three full woods (Miss Crâdock-Hartopp and Miss Newell were quite elated over their thirteenth into the teeth of the morning gale, and Miss Lees actually only had an iron for the third there after lunch)—even, I repeat, if you had to hit the ball a great many times, every time at Ganton is interesting.

I do not suppose that anybody hit it much fewer on that first, tempestuous morning than Mrs. Philip Lee and Miss Platts, for they were out in 40, but such was the excellence of Mrs. Wells and Mrs. Stewart, from Brough, that

(1) Mrs. E. Taylor (Pleasington) and Mrs. Robert Southworth (Wiltshire). (2) Mrs. Gordon Harrison (Retford). (3) Miss M. Hodgson (Scarboro'). (4) Mrs. M. L. Clarke (Hayling) and Miss A. M. Lane (Worsley). (5) Miss N. Bennett (Stockport). (6) Miss B. Newell (Cavendish)

Mrs. A. Tinn and Mrs. P. M. Wade (Brough), who were beaten by Mrs. T. W. Johnson and Mrs. A. B. Bland (Moortown), seen on the right, by 4 and 3

Seated: Miss C. Howard (Hayling) and Miss Doris Park (Longniddry), who beat Miss P. Mercer and Miss E. Parkinson (right)

No use pretending it wasn't cold! Mrs. Philip Lee (Ringway), Mrs. Wells (Brough), Miss Platts (Headingley), and Mrs. Stewart (Brough)

The "Bystander's" Ladies' Northern Foursomes (13th Year)

The First Two Days' Play at Ganton

By Eleanor E. Helme

receiving two strokes, they were two up at the turn on Mrs. Lee's side, and beat it by 3 and 2. If you could have felt the force of the wind, raging down from the Whitby moors and floating the BYSTANDER flag towards the first green, you would realise this was an amazing performance, almost as amazing as to be four down and five to play, as Miss Allen and Mrs. Hardicker were in the morning, and yet win on the last green; or to lose the first five holes and only die on the seventeenth, like Mrs. Jeken, the ex-Veteran champion, and Miss Almgill in the afternoon.

There were couples who owned—in the warm and pleasant glow produced by dinner that evening—that if only a partner had suggested scratching as they went down the second hole into the teeth of the gale, they would gladly have agreed.

HOWEVER, to forget the weather and tell you who played well on the first day. Take the holders, Miss Mary Johnson and Miss Barbara Lees. In the morning, giving one stroke, they were chased to the nineteenth by Miss Chris Rowland and Miss Nora Peace, both sides missing putts on the eighteenth that must have been called extremely short, except that in the gale nothing was short. In the afternoon they met, on level terms, the Scottish champion, Miss Nan Baird, and Miss Margaret Mitchell, who used to play in the Girls' Championship, and whose golf has come on immensely since then. So has Miss Baird's, it seemed to me, since her win at North Berwick last June; there is more snap, and her short game was really first-class. So was Miss Mitchell's, but she lacks length, with that very flat swing, and after Miss Baird's side had been two up at the fifth, Miss Johnson and Miss Lees let fly a couple of birdies at the ninth and tenth and never really looked like being caught again. Miss Johnson was hitting the ball beautifully.

IT was not quite so cold the next morning, though the wind was almost as strong. At all events, people had got accustomed to it, all except those unlucky people who had been given walk-overs the day before. Amongst these were Mrs. Bason and Mrs. Whitfield, the runners-up at Moortown two years ago. Mrs. Bason has a truly remarkable record: she has played in every one of our thirteen Northern Foursomes, and that morning, when the pair met its Waterloo from Miss Doris Park and Miss Cynthia Howard, was the first match in which she had received strokes since the first Northern Foursomes, when Miss Wethered and Miss Chambers, the winners, gave her side some. She had another curious record today: a hare, playing in the fairway, went up to her ball and smelt it, before lopping away. That was the first match of the day. It was immediately followed by a round half-dozen which went beyond the eighteenth hole, two of them to the twenty-first and twentieth, in fact. It is safe to say that the fighting in all of these was excellent. So was the golf in many of them, but it was really Mrs. Clarke and Mrs. Percy who supplied the morning's sensation by getting out in 39, which really was astonishing under the conditions, and gave every reason why Mrs. Edmeston and Mrs. A. W. Smith, beautifully as the latter played the short game, were beaten so disastrously even with four strokes. The pair kept it up in the afternoon, and this letter goes to press with a conviction prevalent that Miss Park and Miss Howard will fight one semi-final against Miss Cradock-Hartopp and Miss Newell, and Miss Mary Johnson and Miss Lees the other against Mrs. Clarke and Mrs. Percy.

If the Midland pair come through, though, it will be from much adversity. They were persistently down, to begin with, against Mrs. Wordsworth and Miss Betty Cooke, and then, when they had arrived at three up and four to go, threw it all to the winds by faulty putting. In the afternoon they were in equally dire straits against a Yorkshire pair, Mrs. Rhodes (who has a number of BYSTANDER spoons to her credit in 1934) and Mrs. Swinscoe, an ex-champion of the county. After an early lead, the tide never set in Midland favour until the fourteenth, where Mrs. Swinscoe drove into the gorse, and even Mrs. Rhodes's fine one on was unavailing. Up till then it had been Miss Cradock-Hartopp who had done all the work. After that, Miss Newell rose to the need grandly, and the side tottered home on the last green.

FOR the remaining couples in the last eight, it is full of encouragement for all limit entrants to see that two of their kind still survive. Miss Martin, of Goswick, and Miss Greenwood, of Windermere, won a morning battle from Mrs. and Miss King at the nineteenth, and an afternoon one from Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Macfarlane by 3 and 1. Mrs. and Miss Holtby, too, played nineteen holes in the morning, to beat Miss Davies and Mrs. Frost, and eighteen in the afternoon to dispose of Mrs. Ackroyd and Miss Holdsworth. A surviving pair of sisters, Miss Gradwell and Mrs. Donald Eadie, saved their nineteenth till the afternoon, and perhaps counted themselves fortunate to win there, for Miss Lister and Mrs. Sutcliffe—more BYSTANDER spoon-winners—did miss some very short putts at the last three holes. Miss Copeland and Miss Wick—yet more "spooners"—from Beverley and East Riding, completed the eight by beating Miss Mellor and Mrs. Hill 3 and 1 in the morning, and Mrs. Woodrow and Mrs. Renton at the nineteenth in the afternoon.

Not many cards have been taken out yet for the National Playing Fields' Cup, the weather has really been too much past a joke; nor has the putting competition seen players sitting sunning themselves round that most sporting little course which the Club—who really don't seem able to do enough for everybody—has put at our disposal, along with the whole of the clubhouse.

If hospitality could warm the heart to such an extent as to counteract the elements, then, indeed, we should all be glowing.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

Below: Mrs. Lewis (Scarborough), Mrs. F. M. King, and Miss M. King (Ganton)

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

A Woman Trainer

Mrs. Moon with Pendulum (left) and Tomaso, two horses in her care at Shipton Moyne, Gloucestershire, where she has nearly twenty racehorses in training

Sunningdale Open Foursomes

The Hard Court Season

Miss Cunningham in play against Miss Whitmarsh in the open singles at the Paddington Tennis Tournament, which attracted a good entry

Left: H. B. Butler (secretary, West Hill Golf Club), with W. A. Murray and J. D. Harris, who were first-round losers by 5 and 4 to S. Haynes and Allan Gow

THERE has been a good deal of speculation in cricket circles just lately as to who will lead England in the Test matches against South Africa in the coming season. R. E. S. Wyatt must still be regarded as a very doubtful starter: the jaw injury he suffered in the fourth and final Test, during the M.C.C.'s tour of the West Indies, is proving very troublesome—indeed, we may not see him in big cricket for some time.

So, on the face of it, Wyatt looks to be out of the running for the Test captaincy. In any case, I am much afraid that some of his decisions on the West Indies tour did not improve his prospects of taking over the England captaincy against the South Africans.

And now, who's to get the job? Well, as I said many months ago, G. O. Allen, the Middlesex all-rounder, and E. R. T. Holmes, the Surrey skipper, are well in the running. Allen, indeed, is being freely tipped in some quarters as the man to lead England on the next Australian trip. He would be a popular choice in Australia—where he was born!

However, I rather think we'll be seeing Holmes take over the reins. The Surrey amateur has gained valuable experience on the West Indies tour; he is a very much improved bowler—by shortening his run he has gained control over length; and his captaincy of Surrey in the County Championship last season stamped him as a very shrewd tactician. What I like about Holmes is that he is not afraid to take a risk if there is a possible chance of victory.

Meanwhile, watch Middlesex in the County Championship. I happen to know that R. W. V. Robins is enthusiastically going ahead with plans to improve the playing strength. Playing at the headquarters of the game, Middlesex have so often been terribly disappointing. But we can expect to see a big change in the coming summer. A. D. Baxter is qualifying for the county. Baxter, who helped Lancashire in some matches last season, is a useful fast bowler who only needs more actual match play to get into the first flight. So keep your eye on Middlesex and Robins.

WRITING about Middlesex reminds me that the county will be well in the sporting news later this month. I refer to the final rounds of the seven-a-side tournament at Twickenham on April 27th. No "Rugger" man in London can afford to miss this good show—it will be an afternoon of real thrills.

For something like three-and-a-half hours, there will be a non-stop, tearaway display of high-speed Rugby. And after some of the dreary wars of attrition in the international tournament, the play will be a real tonic to jaded spectators.

Why do I write so definitely about this Twickenham show? Here is the answer: because the seven-a-side tournament has, year by year, grown bigger and better. Never once has it been dull.

Last season, the Barbarians romped away as the winners. The "Baa-baas," however, are not entering a side this year, for, quite rightly, they take the view that it is not quite fair to field a team of seven Internationals against "sevens" from the clubs.

Still, although the Barbarians are not fielding a team, there will be plenty of attractive clubs on view. For instance, this time Headingley and Gloucester have been invited to compete; and these provincial sides play just the type of stuff which goes for success in the tournament. Speed is the main factor. With only three forwards, the ball is soon out and away from the set scrummages at a cracking pace. By the way, the full-back has to be the fastest man in the side, for it is his job not only to help in defence, but to come up to share in the attacks with his two three-quarters. It was the Harlequins, I think, who put that real flier, J. C. Gibbs, at full-back in these seven-a-side games. And very well he played. Gibbs certainly could go—as a matter of fact, he can still be seen in action with Bromley's "Soccer" side—and much of the "'Quins" success in the tournament was due to his speed.

I am told that over 100 clubs have entered for the competition this year. Some of the small fry will be given a chance to have a crack at the big clubs, and if things go much as they have done previously then the big fellows aren't going to get everything their own way.

So let me tell you again, that a visit to Twickenham is worth while on April 27th. You'll not only be seeing rousing, open Rugby, but you'll also be helping to swell the funds of a very deserving cause—the Middlesex Hospital Cancer Fund.

AND now to boxing. First, there is the Kid Berg-Gustave Humery serial. These men have met three times, and yet, with it all, they are still ready to have another contest. Now, from the point of view of the boxers this may be all right; but I'm pretty sure that the fight public is not so enthusiastic. There was a time when Kid Lewis could go into the ring for his twentieth fight with Jack Britton, and still draw the crowd. In these more breathless days, however, the crowd demand variety; there is no wish to see the same men in the ring more than a couple of times.

As it is, Berg will do much better if he turns his attention to the challengers for his British light-weight championship. There is, for instance, Seaman Tommy Watson, one of the most devastating body punchers we have in the light-weight division. I recall the night at Olympia when Watson met Dave Crowley. While lions were roaring "off stage"—Bertram Mills's Circus was getting ready to begin its season—Crowley, pluckily substituting for the coloured fighter, Al Brown, went into the ring against Watson. For a time, Crowley did well enough (there were even some who said he was ahead on points, though I doubt it), and then Watson let loose a terrific right to the solar plexus. He

(*Continued on page* iv)

JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS

WITH social events calling for an adequate variety of appropriate clothes, the need of the moment is for suitably moderate prices.

WITH this in view, Marshall & Snelgrove have prepared, in their ready-to-wear sections, a wonderful collection of high-class clothes that are appropriate both as regards style and price.

Corrine is a smart Two-piece, the Duverne coat in fine ribbed silk, the dress in printed georgette trimmed with pleated frills. In shades of Green, Lido, Navy, Brown and Black. Sizes, 40, 42, 44. - - - - - - - - *12½ Gns.*

Model Shoes

MARSHALL'S HAVE MODEL SHOES that are quite exclusive. For evening there is a pair in Italian leather entirely covered with an embossed design in several colours, finely traced in gold. An elegant pair of tie walking shoes in brown suède have an attractive design in white stitching and are studded with bronze studs, whilst a pair of black calf and suède striped court shoes are trimmed with finest silver piping and studded with silver studs.

Marshall & Snelgrove

Tel: Mayfair 6600 Debenhams Ltd

VERE ST. & OXFORD ST. LONDON W.1.

Swaebe

Mrs. Jenkinson, daughter of Sir James and Lady Dunn, signing the First Solo Cup at Heston, watched by an admiring group of instructors—Captain G. W. Ferguson, Captain B. A. Davy, and Captain V. H. Baker. The "Cup" consists of a couple of dope cans, surmounted by a model of the Avro "Cadet"

Taking the Air Round Town

By Charles Ward

Flying South of London

THERE are three aerodromes south of London where flying instruction, housing, and maintenance of private 'planes can be obtained—Redhill, West Malling, and Gravesend—all within easy reach of town, and all outside the controlled zone. The Redhill aerodrome is comparatively new, and is owned by British Air Transport, a company which used to operate at Croydon before the Air Ministry cancelled arrangements for teaching people to fly at London's terminal airport. There is plenty of room at Redhill, the longest run into the prevailing wind being 900 yards, and, in course of time, when developments already planned have been completed, it will be one of the finest aerodromes in the country. The ground was prepared by En-Tout-Cas, and an excellent hangar, built by Boulton and Paul, houses four Moths, an Autogiro, a Puss Moth, a Fox Moth, and a Miles Hawk—all of which are available for instruction or solo flying. The School is approved for blind flying, the complete course costing £15. Training for commercial licences is a speciality, twelve B.A.T. pupils being now with Imperial Airways as First Officers. R. F. Bulstrode, the Chief Instructor, has been much in demand recently by people wanting to train on the Autogiro, in the handling of which he is an adept. His assistant, J. R. Hatchett, is one of the most senior civil pilots in the country. He is a second-class navigator with the very early licence number, 607. For many years he was the air-mail pilot on the Seville-Larache route.

Country Aerodromes

WEST MALLING is one of the pleasantest spots for flying that can be found anywhere in England. The aerodrome itself is full size, licensed for use by all types. There is an attractive clubhouse, now being extended to cope with increased membership, a squash court, and a tennis court in the offing. There are two Moths for instruction, and, of course, housing and maintenance is undertaken for privately owned 'planes. West Malling itself is a village five miles on the London side of Maidstone, and easily reached from London by road. Gravesend is a Customs airport, soon to be equipped with lighting, so that air-liners can operate in and out from the Continent at all hours. K. L. M., Lufthansa, and Sabena find it a very useful emergency halt when Croydon is under fog, and in due time, when traffic becomes too heavy at Croydon, Gravesend will come into its own as a London airport for trade and travel to North-west Europe.

Another Australian Record

SUCCESS has come swiftly to the Miles Falcon, the first of its kind being flown back from Australia by H. L. Brook in seven days, nineteen hours, which is the fastest time achieved with a light aeroplane, and second only to the Comet, flown by Cathcart-Jones and Waller. It is interesting to record that the Gipsy Major engine was the same as that used by Mollison to fly the South Atlantic in 1933. Brook bought it in the Puss Moth "Heart's Content" for a survey of the Australian route prior to the MacRobertson Race, but had the misfortune to crash in France. The engine was salvaged, and has shown of what good stuff Gipsys are made. Brook flew back from Australia solo, and arrived looking fit and well. He paid a tribute to the comfort of the cabin and to the usual accessories, which seem almost to be standardised for record flights—Castrol and K.L.G.

On Thursday, April 11th
at Grosvenor House

★ An entirely new show ★

Felix Ferry's

MONTE CARLO FOLLIES

SPRING EDITION

Principals, girls, numbers, scenery — all new. A programme full of colour, mirth and melody.
Dancing to the Grosvenor House Band under the direction of Syd Lipton. Extension of License.

JUBILEE GALA, MONDAY, MAY 6th

On New Year's Eve 1,500 people celebrated at Grosvenor House—a record for any hotel. Even more will be present on Jubilee Day. If you wish to enjoy the most spectacular, lavish and original celebration ever planned in an hotel you are respectfully urged to *book your table early*. Phone: Grosvenor 6363. Valuable presents for ladies.

GROSVENOR HOUSE

PARK LANE

Telephone: Grosvenor 6363 *Telegrams: Grovhows, Audley, London*

What's On

(Continued from page D)

CINEMAS

BRITISH AGENT.—A thriller, with Leslie Howard and Kay Francis as stars. Also LOTTERY LOVER, with Pat Paterson, Lew Ayres, Peggy Fears: Regal.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Ronald Colman and Loretta Young in the film version of the historical play; Colman makes a good-ish Clive: Tivoli.

DAVID COPPERFIELD.—A successful screen reproduction from Hollywood of the Dickens story and atmosphere; with Freddie Bartholomew and Frank Lawton as David, boy and man, Edna May Oliver as Betsey Trotwood, W. C. Fields as Mr. Micawber: Palace.

ESCAPE ME NEVER.—Elisabeth Bergner as fascinating as ever as Gemma Jones, with Hugh Sinclair as the caddish Sanger hero: London Pavilion.

FIGHTING STOCK.—A Tom Walls-Ralph Lynn farce for those that like them: New Gallery.

THE GOOD FAIRY.—Margaret Sullavan in a romantic comedy, with Herbert Marshall, Frank Morgan Reginald Owen: Empire.

LAC AUX DAMES.—Vicki Baum's story has Jean-Pierre Aumont as hero, Simone Simon as the enchanting "Puck"; lovely settings and photography: Academy.

THE LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER.—A very fine film, based on Yeats-Brown's book, with Gary Cooper as hero, Franchot Tone, Guy Standing, Richard Cromwell, and Kathleen Burke: Carlton.

THE LOVE-AFFAIR OF THE DICTATOR.—Clive Brook and Madeleine Carroll in this historical film: Marble Arch Pavilion.

MUSIC IN THE AIR.—A film of the Hammerstein-Kern musical play, with Gloria Swanson and John Boles playing lead: Capitol.

RUGGLES OF RED GAP.—A comedy, with Charles Laughton as star as a valet; with him are Charlie Ruggles, ZaSu Pitts, Leila Hyams: Plaza.

SANDERS OF THE RIVER.—Leslie Banks, Paul Robeson, and Nina Mae McKinney, in the film of Edgar Wallace's West African story, finely produced and photographed: Leicester Square Theatre.

SKYLARK.—A French air-thriller comedy, with Noel-Noel, Fernandel and Junie Astor: Curzon.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS: 195, Piccadilly.

STEUBEN GLASS.—America's most beautiful hand-made glass: Fine Arts Society, Bond Street.

IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION.—Olympia.

BRITISH CARNATION SOCIETY SHOW: Old Horticultural Hall, April 9th-11th.

ENGLISH POTTERY (OLD AND NEW): Victoria and Albert Museum, from April 15th.

KENSINGTON CANINE SOCIETY CHAMPIONSHIP SHOW: Crystal Palace, April 11th.

DAFFODILS SHOW: Horticultural Hall, April 16th-17th.

OPERA AND BALLET

AT SADLER'S WELLS:

EUGENE ONEGIN: to-night, 8.

DIE FLEDERMAUS: April 11th, 8.

THE TRAVELLING COMPANION: April 12th, 8.

THE SNOW MAIDEN: April 13th, 2.30.

TOSCA: April 13th, 8.

LA CRÉATION DU MONDE, GISELLE: April 16th, 8.30.

MUSIC

Orchestral

B.B.C.—Last concert of the season; first performance of Vaughan Williams' Symphony in F minor; Mozart's Concerto No. 23 (Schnabel); Boult conducts: to-night, Queen's Hall, 8.30.

L.S.O.—Bach's St. Matthew Passion, with the Philharmonic Choir, conducted by Albert Coates: Queen's Hall, April 15th, 8.

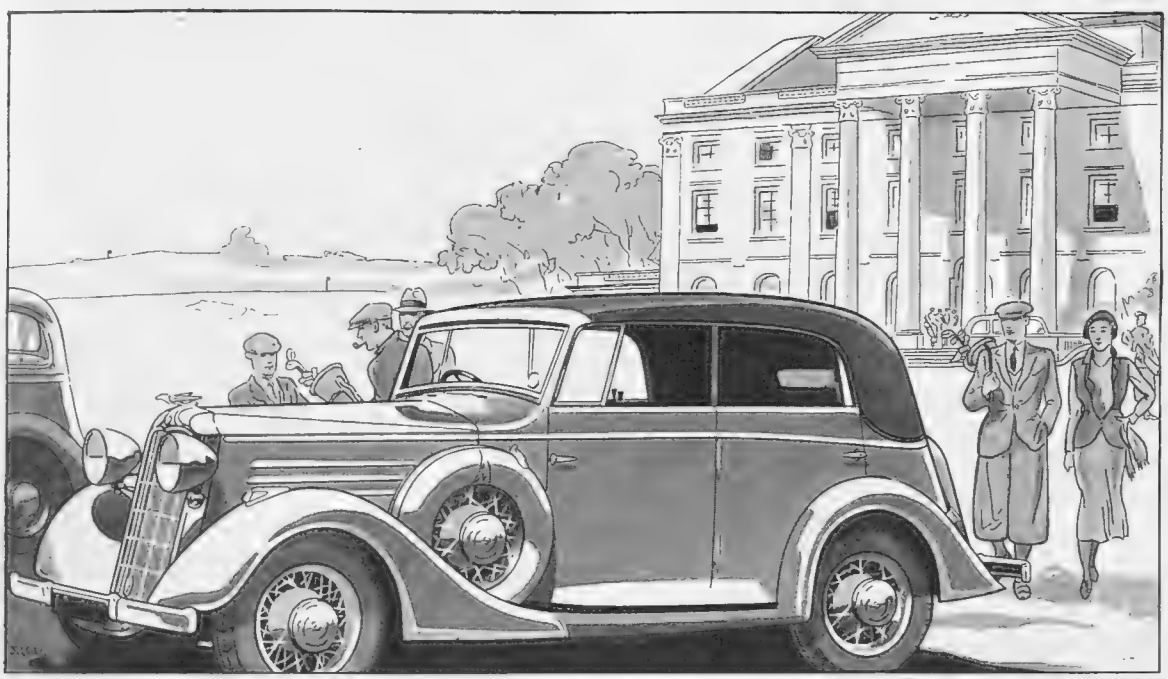
Recitals

HENRY KOCH.—The Belgian violinist makes his first appearance in England: Æolian Hall, to-night, 8.30.

ELLEN BALLON.—Recital by the Canadian pianist: Wigmore Hall, April 11th, 8.15.

BORIS AND JOSEPH SCHWARZ.—Violin and piano Bach-Beethoven recital: Grotrian Hall, April 11th, 8.30.

THUMBOO CHETTY.—The Indian violinist's first London recital: Æolian Hall, April 11th, 8.30.



BIGGER CAR MOTORING AT LESSER CAR COST

Vauxhall Big Six
Wingham Convertible Cabriolet
(illustrated above)

One minute a completely closed five-seater saloon with a neat, well-finished head.

Undo two catch fastenings and with a gentle push the patent mechanism automatically lowers and folds the head to give an open tourer. Just as easy to raise the head, thanks to the special self-acting mechanism. Completely draught and rattle-proof. Built-in luggage trunk at the rear.

Coachwork by Martin Walter, on Standard Chassis 20 h.p. or 27 h.p.

Price £395

THREE special reasons make this 1935 Vauxhall Big Six unique among the bigger cars of to-day.

First, it is built by Vauxhall's special manufacturing technique—a flow production system that is really craftsmanship on a larger, more accurate scale. This safeguards the fine finish that has distinguished all products of this famous British factory, yet makes the Big Six comparable, on a value-for-money basis, with the popular light car of to-day.

Secondly, although a big car in size, performance and riding ease, the Big Six is as safe and easy to handle as any car you have ever driven. It is remarkably steady on corners, with a good grip on slippery roads, and it has brakes which, while powerful, are never fierce.

Lastly, it is a car in the true Vauxhall tradition, with that air of breeding which there is no mistaking. On the radiator the name VAUXHALL, like some famous signature, marks it out as a car of worth, a desirable possession.

There are two chassis types of Vauxhall Big Six. The Standard Chassis with a 20 h.p. or 27 h.p. engine for five-seater coachwork. The Regent Chassis (with 19 in. extra wheelbase, larger tyres with two spares, etc., 27 h.p. engine only) for seven-seater and specially roomy coachwork. Full particulars from your Vauxhall dealer.

VAUXHALL BIG SIX

FIVE-SEATER SALOON £325

On Standard Chassis (20 h.p. or 27 h.p.). Saloon with No-Draught Ventilation £325. Wingham Convertible Cabriolet £395. Tickford Foursome Drophead Coupé £365. On Regent Chassis (27 h.p., 10 ft. 10 ins. wheelbase). Grosvenor 7-seater Limousine £550. Newmarket 5-6 seater Sports Saloon £550. Continental Touring Saloon £590. Catalogues on request from Vauxhall Motors, Ltd., Edgware Road, The Hyde, London, N.W.9.

"Bystander" Women's Golf Competition

Fifteen spoons are awarded in each L.G.U. Handicap Division each winter month for the best nett scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From April to September, inclusive, thirty spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places.

Full particulars will be sent on application.

March Monthly Medal Results

Silver Division (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss S. Bailey	Coombe Wood	69	6	63	70	7 below
Miss M. Johnson	Cooden Beach	89	16	73	77	4 "
Miss K. M. Nippierd	Stoneham	88	17	71	75	4 "
Mrs. Ida Munro	Spalding	84	17	67	71	4 "
Miss M. Wall	Weston-super-Mare	78	5	73	75	2 "
Mrs. J. O. Fane	North Hants	81	9	72	74	2 "
Miss Shipman	Bowdon	85	12	73	75	2 "
Miss M. Ratcliffe	West Cornwall	79	9	70	71	1 "
Miss V. M. Fairchild	St. Anne's Old Links	83	13	73	74	1 "
Miss W. Smith	Sandwell Park	86	14	72	73	1 "
Mrs. C. Sutcliffe	Huddersfield	91	15	76	77	1 "
Mrs. Roberts	Shirley Park	91	17	74	75	1 "
Mrs. John Bailey	Sandwell Park	81	8	73	73	All Square
Miss M. Brennan	Barnehurst	86	12	74	74	"
Miss E. Farnsworth	Coxmoor	84	12	72	72	"

Bronze Division (Handicaps of 19 and over)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. J. B. Willmott	Purley Downs	99	36	63	75	12 below
Miss H. Bett	Hindhead	91	28	63	74	11 "
Mrs. S. Humfrey	Northamptonshire County	89	19	70	78	8 "
Mrs. E. B. Lloyd	North Hants	102	36	66	74	8 "
Mrs. Laing	North Hants	100	32	68	74	6 "
Miss Wilmot	Eastbourne Downs	100	35	65	71	6 "
Mrs. Pugh	North Hants	104	35	69	74	5 "
Mrs. Ian Law	Tollygunge	96	24	72	76	4 "
Mrs. T. G. Hill	Bowdon	105	34	71	75	4 "
Mrs. C. Marshall	Worsley	94	23	71	74	3 "
Miss N. MacGillycuddy	North Hants	105	33	72	74	2 "
Miss Hering	Eastbourne Downs	102	33	69	71	2 "
Miss Y. Taylor	Bowdon	109	36	73	73	2 "
Mrs. A. Gilligan	Goodwood	108	36	72	74	2 "
Mrs. Innes	Exmouth	104	34	70	71	1 "

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON APRIL

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

Sport with the Lid Off

(Continued from page 88)

couldn't have found the vital spot better if he 'd been a medical man. Bang! and there was Crowley down and out.

Now, Watson has put on weight a bit, and is in the light-weight class, where he is blazing a brilliant trail. I should certainly like to see him in the ring with Berg, for his fine in-fighting would give him a very good chance of beating the non-stop, two-handed attack which Berg puts up.

And again, there is George Daly, yet another contender for Berg's title. Daly was an office-boy with Jeff Dickson, the big fight promoter. One day, however, Daly put on the gloves and went into the ring. He did well—so well, that he gave in his notice with Dickson. And now, curiously enough, he waits for the genial Jefferson to give him fights!

TALKING of the fight game, I must refer to the Boxers' Union, which Jimmy Wilde, the great little fellow who helped to put British boxing on the map, is striving so hard to strengthen. Wilde knows only too well how badly paid are some of the youngsters in the ring. As a matter of fact, there are lads to-day who get 3s. 6d. for appearing in preliminary bouts, while I heard of a case in Wales where a promising fighter averaged something like half a crown for a half-dozen contests.

This is the seamy side of boxing. Of course, there is money in the ring, but it only goes to the top-notchers. As for the rest, they depend largely on the promoter's good nature. Jeff Dickson and the Wembley authorities are good payers to all their men; but in some of the hard-hit industrial areas the pay is at starvation rates.

All this Jimmy Wilde and the Union are out to stop. I happen to know that they have already done valuable work. That they will do even more to help boxers get good rates of pay is certain, for behind the organisation are some influential sportsmen.

By the way, there is a feeling that the Union are clashing with the British Boxing Board of Control. This is far from the case. The Union are working quite disinterestedly for the welfare of the young fighter. That is all.

AN ENSEMBLE FROM OUR COLLECTION OF JUMPERS & SKIRTS.

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" " 30, " 2 " in 4 weeks.
" " 40, " 1½ " in 6 weeks.
Increased my own height to 6 ft. 3½ inches.
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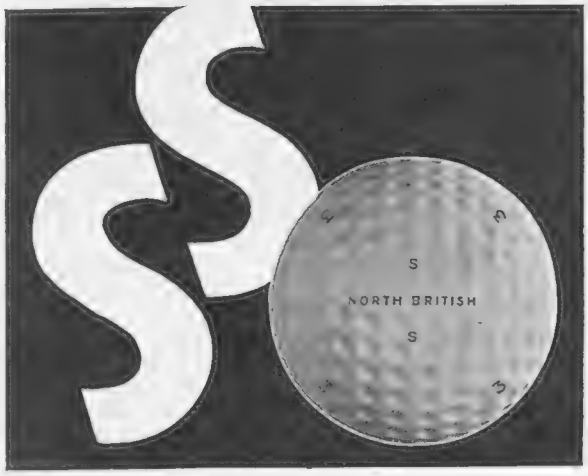
For full particulars, see page 3 of cover.

NORTH BRITISH



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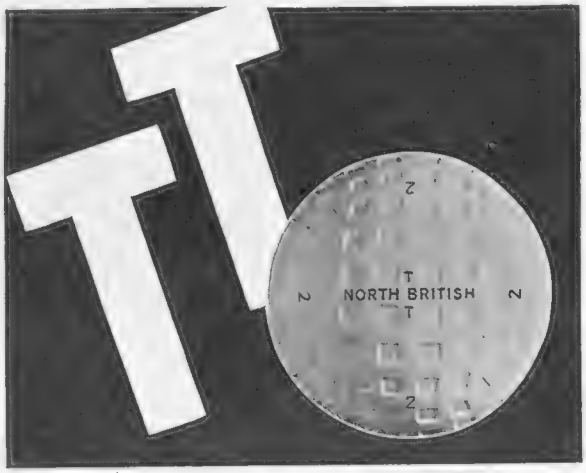
If you are 'scratch' or a low-handicap player, the North British S.S. is your ball. Thin-covered . . . . amazingly high-powered . . . . giving those vital **extra** yards on your drive. You will like its snappy response to approach play and its wonderful accuracy on the green. Play the S.S. and give a new zest to your game . . . . countless national and international championships have been won with this famous golf ball.



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If you are an average player, or whatever your class, you'll get full value from the new North British T.T. This is a tough-cover ball that not only stands right up to punishment but gives maximum length to a low-powered drive. It's a fine ball for the iron clubs, too . . . . gives accurate response . . . . plenty of 'grip' and steadiness on the green. It's well named—"Tough and True."

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1½ Litre Falcon Saloon, £335. 1½ Litre Kestrel Aeroline Saloon, £345. Dunlop Tyres and Triplex Glass. Annual Tax £9. Riley (Coventry) Limited, Coventry.

AS OLD AS THE INDUSTRY Riley AS MODERN AS THE HOUR

Modern Aids to Beauty

The Importance of Accessories

Accessories play a very important part in a woman's wardrobe, and scarves, bags, and belts all have to be chosen with care. Marshall and Snelgrove, Warwick House, Birmingham, are showing many new interpretations of the silk scarf and handkerchief. Some of their fancy cravats are made in heavy suède crêpe, in plain colours with multi-coloured fringe trimming, while others have variegated patches of colour running diagonally across a plain background. Sketches of these, however, will shortly appear in the "Bystander Twins." A pure crêpe silk handkerchief with corded borders, and available in thirty-four different colours, may be purchased for the sum of 1s. This firm are also making a special feature of sports pullovers. The one pictured is hand-knitted in fine wool, and costs 29s. 6d.

A Graceful Figure

So many ills, such as indigestion and perpetual fatigue, may be attributed to the absence of a really well-cut foundation garment which will support and uplift without bringing any pressure to bear. Madame Maud, 78, Baker Street, has created and patented throughout the world "Beautiform," a foundation garment, which permits the wearer to display the best points of her figure, at the same time giving strength to weak muscles and removing superfluous tissue. In spite of being a very simple garment, with only slight boning, it is cut on scientific lines; and while it supports and controls, there is absolutely no pressure anywhere, so that every part of the body is permitted to function normally. All "Beautiform" garments are British throughout, and will wash time and again without losing their shape. For evening there are backless models made in gossamer-like materials, and reinforced in such a way as to provide the necessary support without being in any way obvious. An illustrated brochure explaining the full scientific value of "Beautiform" will be sent gratis and post free on application to 78, Baker Street.

Bassano

There is an air of originality about this jumper from Marshall and Snelgrove, Birmingham. It is hand-knitted, with a plain ground and contrasting border. The wool lacing at the neck and sleeves strikes a new note, while the cost is 29s. 6d.

Daily Massage with a "Tinglow" Brush

Many people are victims of a poor circulation, with the result that their skin becomes flabby and lifeless, and small spots and blemishes appear. They also tend to put on superfluous fat, which makes them tired and lacking in energy. A sure remedy for this is five minutes' daily massage in the bath with a "Tinglow" body-friction brush. It starts a brisk circulation of the blood, and this, combined with the friction of the brush, breaks up fatty tissues and leaves the body firm and glowing with life. It is flexible, and will therefore conform to any shape. Hindes, 60, Parker Street, W.C., are the manufacturers, though it is sold by many stores, and costs 5s. 6d. for the standard size, or 8s. 6d. for a larger type.

35,000 free hot meals
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ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS SOUVENIR NUMBER

APRIL 17—FIVE SHILLINGS

This Extra Number will be apart from the usual issues of this paper, and will, therefore, require a special order. It will rank with the famous Record Numbers published by "The Illustrated London News" in the past. It will be bound in a most attractive Special Cover, and it will contain Numerous Pages in Full Colours and Gold and Hundreds of Illustrations in Photogravure; with Articles by Famous Writers and Experts.

The price of this Record Number of the King's Twenty-five Years' reign will be Five Shillings. (Including postage and packing): Inland, 5/9; Foreign, 6/1; Canada and Newfoundland, 5/4. If sent by Registered Post, 3d. extra in each case.

MAY 4 (TWO SHILLINGS)

This Number which will be superb from cover to cover, with a quantity of colour, will deal with their Majesties in person, showing what their beneficent reign has done for the Nation. The issue of May 4 will deal chiefly with the personalities of our Great King and Queen. It will not be in a sense a history of the twenty-five years' reign, but will show how much the Royal House means to the loyal subjects of the Crown.

In addition, all the preliminaries of the Jubilee Celebrations will be dealt with *in-extenso*. The chief participants, the preparations and the staging of the great events will be illustrated, in colour and in monochrome, so that the Number will form an admirable guide to the pomp and splendour of the following week.

MAY 11 (TWO SHILLINGS)

COVERING ACTUAL CEREMONIES

The Issue will contain all the best illustrations of the actual ceremonies dealing with the Silver Jubilee, in such a way that even those who are unable to witness them will be almost able to feel that they were present in person.

The processional ride of their Majesties and the ceremony in St. Paul's will be presented in a specially spacious way.

Everything of interest dealing with the actual events of the most eventful days will be covered most strikingly so that the Number will be a permanent record of the rejoicings and thanksgivings for the reign of the King and Queen.

This will not be in any way a retrospective number; it will be of an entirely topical character and will be one that everyone who rejoices with us in the fortunate completion of their Majesties' twenty-five years of unremitting efforts for the good of their Country, must procure and keep as a memento of the great occasion.

THE SPHERE

MAY 4 (TWO SHILLINGS)

The issue of "The SPHERE" for May 4th (the Saturday preceding the actual day of celebration, Monday, May 6), will take the form of a record of the King's reign from May 6, 1910 (the day of his accession) to the present day.

The chief feature of this issue will be a personal narrative from the very able pen of one who has shared in many of the great incidents of the reign. It will appear under the title of "Twenty-five Years a King" and will be copiously illustrated from all available sources. Many of the events have been pictured by Mr. F. Matania, R.I., "The SPHERE'S" leading black and white artist, and a study of the wealth of material which the Editor is preparing reveals the fact that this record should prove a veritable cavalcade of pictorial splendour.

Many of the outstanding events will be pictured in full colours. Portrait painters of note will contribute studies of the King and Queen with scenes in the Royal residences. A special separate plate-portrait of His Majesty will be included.

MAY 11 (TWO SHILLINGS)

Every preparation is being made to make "The SPHERE" of May 11 a splendid, almost a living picture of the events in celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the King's reign.

This issue will form a record of the actual ceremonies, Royal and Civic, with which the wonder week of May will be marked. The foremost black and white artist of the day, MR. F. MATANIA, R.I., will picture a number of the main incidents, and will be supported by a band of distinguished artists specially selected and commissioned for this issue.

Special subjects will be reproduced in colour and the whole will be bound within a cover of exceptional artistry, designed by Millar Watt. It will convey in decorative form the sense of timeliness which lies within and will be a worthy addition to the family treasures.

SPORTING AND DRAMATIC

MAY 3 (TWO SHILLINGS)

The Special Royal Jubilee Number of "The Illustrated Sporting & Dramatic News" will contain a complete pictorial and literary record of His Majesty's life as a sportsman. His career and achievements as a shot, yachtsman, racehorse owner, dog-breeder and farmer will be dealt with in detail by recognised authorities.

Lieut.-Col. Cyril Foley will describe His Majesty's brilliant career as one of the best shots in the world.

Major B. Heckstall Smith, recognised as a world-wide authority on yachting, writes with first-hand knowledge of the King's many successes with "Britannia," aboard which Major Heckstall Smith has sailed on many occasions.

The royal stables and bloodstock will be described by Mr. Cecil Leveson-Gower.

His Majesty's gundogs will be specially illustrated, and described by our Kennel Editor, Mr. A. Croxton Smith. A special set of photographs, for which royal permission was obtained, will be given.

In addition the issue will contain a number of beautiful coloured plates, some hitherto unpublished, showing the King shooting, yachting and racing.

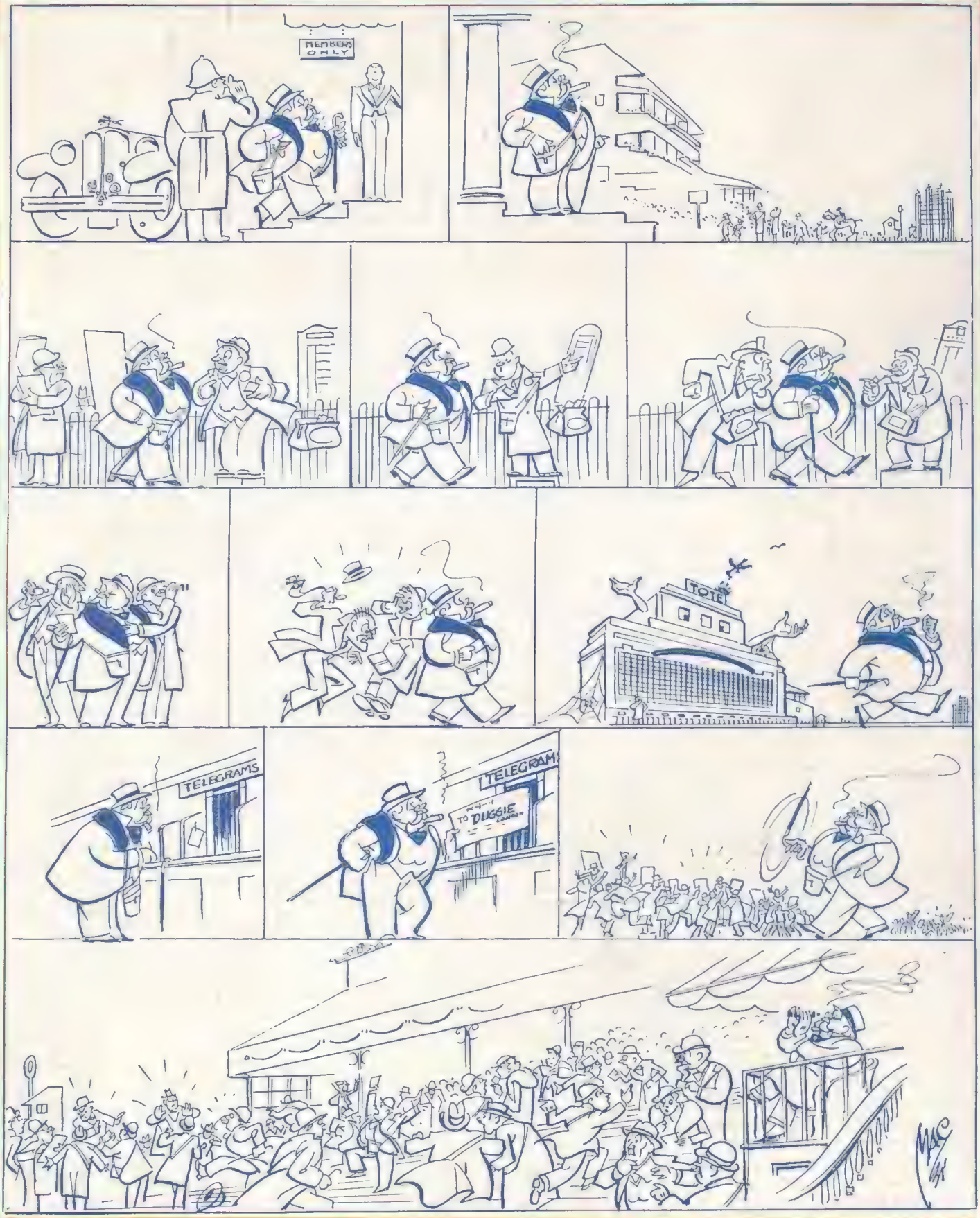
It is confidently predicted that this issue will constitute the most complete and beautifully illustrated record of His Majesty's career as a sportsman yet published.

YOU ARE ADVISED TO PLACE DEFINITE ORDERS IN ADVANCE FOR THESE SILVER JUBILEE NUMBERS

Readers, and especially those readers who live overseas, are advised to order their copies NOW from newsagent or bookstall, or from our publishing office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. This is necessary to avoid disappointment, as the demand will certainly exceed the supply, very large as that supply will be.

The TATLER, The SKETCH, BYSTANDER

These popular favourites will be issued on the ordinary day of publication (Wednesday) in the weeks before, during and after the Jubilee Celebrations. These will sell at the usual price of One Shilling.



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GETTING MARRIED

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Dewhirst—Hellewell

Kenneth Brooke Dewhirst and Nancy Hellewell were married at Leeds, and were photographed after the reception with the six bridesmaids. Miss Hellewell is a member of the Yorkshire Women's County Lawn Tennis Club

Kingerlee—Skinner

Henry John Kingerlee, son of Charles Kingerlee, of Woodside, Hinksey Hill, Oxford, and Peggy Skinner, younger daughter of Sir Sydney and Lady Skinner, of 22, Corfton Road, Ealing, were married at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington

Powys-Smith—Talbot

Richard Charles Powys-Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. Basil Powys-Smith, and Charlotte Talbot, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stafford Talbot, of 20, Sussex Mansions, Sussex Place, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Distinctive Dresses for Important People

Miss Margaret Wright will wear this lovely frock when she marries Mr. Philip Sellars on April 25th, at Rotherham. It has been designed by Marshall and Snelgrove, 32, Fargate, Sheffield, and is expressed in a rich white fancy crêpe threaded with silver, and cut on graceful lines. It is sleeveless, with a square neck and Vandyk points on the corsage. The tulle veil is composed of several tiers, and only reaches half-way down the skirt

Left: Miss Peggy Hartley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Hartley, of Purley, will wear this graceful dress when she marries Mr. Arthur Spiby, of Sanderstead, on April 27th, at the Parish Church, West Wickham. It is made in silver lamé, and has been designed by Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. The corsage is draped at the waist and fastens down the back with small buttons, while the sleeves are long and tight. The wide train is cut in one with the slim-fitting skirt, which flares out at the hem

Douglas

Geraldine Kingsley

Is the only daughter of Gerald Kingsley, of Glen Chess, Rickmansworth, and is engaged to Alexander Armstrong Shaw, of Calcutta, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Philip Shaw, of Ayr and Eastbourne

Kay Vaughan

Dudley Phil Dyer

Is engaged to Geoffrey Norman Ticehurst, son of Dr. and Mrs. Gerald Ticehurst, of St. Leonards-on-Sea; she is the daughter of Mr. A. R. Dyer, late London Fire Brigade, and Mrs. Dyer

Lafayette

Sheila Loughnan

Is the daughter of the late N. C. Loughnan, of Clonard Castle, Kilkenny, and Mrs. Loughnan, of Lavenders, Staines; is engaged to Denzil A. S. Holding, son of Major and Mrs. S. H. Holding

Lenare

Mollie Jones

Is engaged to Capt. Aubertin Mallaby, 2nd Punjab Regiment, son of the late William Mallaby, and Mrs. Mallaby, of Oxford; she is the only daughter of Maj.-Gen. Leslie C. Jones, and the late Mrs. Jones, of Inch, Camberley

Lafayette

Dianne Addams

Is the only daughter of Mrs. Inez Addams, of 4, Hamilton Terrace, St. John's Wood, and is engaged to John Harvie Clark, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Harvie Clark, of St. Mary's Grove, Chiswick

Lafayette

Margaret Collins

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brenton Collins, of Gorsebrook, Tunbridge Wells, Kent, and is engaged to Commander R. A. Startin, H.M.S. Revenge, elder son of Admiral Sir James Startin, of Wyndlawn, Hayling Island

Bassano

Janet Longmore

Is the daughter of Air-Marshal and Mrs. Longmore, of Elsham House, Grantham; her marriage to George Arthur Worth, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Worth, of Hovenden House, Fleet, Lincs, is to take place in June

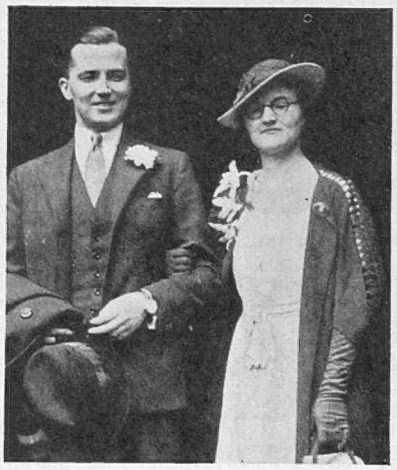
Douglas

Elise Falconar

Is the eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Falconar, of Picton Cottage, Twyford, Berks; she has announced her engagement to Geoffrey Frank Lord, son of the late Sydney Lord, and Mrs. Lord, of 265, St. James's Court, S.W. 1.

Morriss—Lee

Lieut.-Commander Guy Morriss, R.N., son of Colonel and Mrs. Morriss, of Galchett House, Trull, Taunton, and Sybil Ernestine Lee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Lee, of Lake House, Petersfield, Hants, were married at St. Peter's, Petersfield. With them are Susan Colvill, Diana James, Elizabeth Sharpe, Mary Lee, Captain W. V. Morriss, Lettice Lee, and little Julia Coryton



Vulliamy—Morel

Adrian Vulliamy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Vulliamy, of Amwell House, Cambridge, and Wendy Morel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Gibbs Morel, of Beckham Manor, Timberscombe, Somerset, were married last week at Chelsea Old Church

Capper—Humphrey

Lieut. S. V. P. Capper, H.M.S. Renown, and Betty Humphrey, leaving St. Martin-in-the-Fields, between their Guard of Honour of Naval officers, after their wedding last week

(Continued on the next page)

• Getting Married

(Continued from page C)

Lenare

Tatiana Chatoulenko-Tremlett

Is the daughter of the late Paul Chatoulenko, and Mrs. George Tremlett, late of Chateau de Beaudement, La Tricherie, France; she is engaged to Richard Basil Snagge, second son of Sir Harold and Lady Snagge, of 4, Cadogan Terrace

• A Presentation Dress

Miss Joan Boyle, only daughter of Col. and Mrs. Walter Boyle, of Leeds, wore this charming frock when presented by Lady Halifax at their Majesties' Court on March 28th. It was designed by Marshall and Snelgrove, James Street, Harrogate, and is in shell-pink chiffon, with a full skirt and puff sleeves. Gold bugle beads are sprayed on the bodice and train, the latter being shell-pink velvet lined with self-coloured chiffon, showing a gold leaf-design

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

AND A WOMAN PASSED BY.—By Vernon Sylvaine, with Ion Swinley as an unfaithful husband, Kathleen O'Regan as his wife: Duke of York's, 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

THE ALCHEMIST.—Ben Jonson's comedy of tricksters and dupes makes as good laughing stuff as ever, with Hugh Miller, Austin Trevor, and Iris Hoey as the top tricksters: Prince's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE AUNT OF ENGLAND.—Victorian sentiment given flavour by Haidée Wright's performance as the autocratic old Duchess who treats her family as children and chattels: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CORNELIUS.—Priestley's intensely interesting play is finely acted by Ralph Richardson as one partner in a small and failing business, Harcourt Williams as the other, Victoria Hopper, Ann Wilton, and James Harcourt as employees: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—Someone 's got to give way in every marriage—Diana Churchill and Richard Bird can't decide who; easy, relevant dialogue and incident make an amusing evening: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

EVERYMAN.—This moving and lovely fifteenth-century religious play is beautifully played by Marie Ney, Richard Ainley, Russell Thorndike. Also the Chester Morality, THE PLAY OF THE SHEPHERDS: Ambassadors, 8.30 (except Mon. and Fri.), 2.30 (except Thurs.).

FAMILY AFFAIRS.—If quarrels amuse you, go see Lilian Braithwaite's grandmother and Athene Seyler's dithering aunt in Gertrude Jennings' family comedy: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FROLIC WIND.—Richard Oke's novel brilliantly adapted; a clever, subtle play, with a first-rate cast, including Henrietta Watson, Nina Boucicault, M. Terry-Lewis, and D. Holmes-Gore as four old sisters, Veronica Turleigh, Basil Bartlett: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HENRY IV., PART I.—George Robey makes a superb and most living Falstaff—a performance not to be missed; the rest of the cast is a fine one, and includes John Drinkwater, Edmund Willard, Patrick Waddington, Lady Tree: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HENRY IV., PART II.—George Merritt as Falstaff, Morland Graham as Shallow, Abraham Sofaer as the King: Old Vic, 8 (except Tues.). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—This delightful Chinese play includes in its cast Louise Hampton, Carol Coombe, Morris Harvey, Esmé Percy, Roger Livesey: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MAN OF YESTERDAY.—Leslie Banks gives a fine performance as the ex-soldier with a lost memory. Ann Todd 's the nurse he falls in love with, and the rest of the cast make an interesting play all the more worth seeing: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE OLD LADIES.—Hugh Walpole's story makes a strange play, of Grand Guignol grimness and horror, with brilliant acting by Edith Evans, Jean Cadell, and Mary Jerrold: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THERE GO ALL OF US.—A play of the law courts, with Matheson Lang as defending counsel, Beatrix Thomson on trial for her life, Aubrey Dexter, Douglas Jeffries: Piccadilly, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

VICEROY SARAH.—Queen Anne 's alive, poor, dear, distracted thing, as Barbara Everest plays her; Irene Vanbrugh is Sarah, Olga Lindo is Abigail Hill; the story is as human as historical: Whitehall, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris is the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Celia Johnson plays the part as heroine: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

YOUTH AT THE HELM.—A witty and original comedy, with Owen Nares as the young City imposter who gets away with it; Kay Hammond as a pert typist; O. B. Clarence, Walter Hudd: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

With Music

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.—A revival for the West End in the Lyric, Hammersmith, manner, with Isabel Jeans as Lucy Lockit, Joan Collier as Polly Peachum, Charles Mayhew as Macheath; Frederic Austin conducts: Comedy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

JACK O' DIAMONDS.—Gay and witty lyrics; the Cinderella story makes a cheerful, amused evening; Greta Fayne, Zelma O'Neal, Bobbie Comber, Reginald Purdell, and Richard Dolman all contribute: Gaiety, 8.15. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

JILL, DARLING!—Lively, original, and good-humoured; Frances Day gives full personality value, and Arthur Riscoe is a gloomily comic foil for her: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LET 'S GO GAY.—An intimate revue, with Rex Evans as compère, Magda Kun, Steve Geray, Queenie Leonard, Richard Goolden: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 57.—Norah Chapman and Edna Thompson, Gus Chevalier, Eric Woodburn, Cedric Miller, and all the usual favourites: Windmill, 1.30—11.30, non-stop.

STOP PRESS.—The lighting and décor and the dancing stand out for excellence; the humour is less sophisticated; Phyllis Monkman and Dorothy Dickson are the stars: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Run suspended from April 15th to 22nd.

YES, MADAM?—An amusing and well-constructed musical comedy, with Binnie Hale and Bobbie Howes as stars; Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore, and Billy Leonard add to the very good fun: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

BARNET'S FOLLY—West Country comedy, by Jan Stewer, with Muriel Aked, May Agate, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT.—Margaret Rawlings and the Baddeley sisters as three gold-diggers in a jauntily sophisticated comedy: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HYDE PARK CORNER.—A medley of historical romance, farce and thriller, with Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle, Gordon Harker, J. H. Roberts involved: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE AND LET LOVE.—Good entertainment for low-brows; Peter Haddon is as usual, Claire Luce is his wife, Martin Walker the intrusive third in this farce: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WORSE THINGS HAPPEN AT SEA.—Yvonne Arnaud, Frank Lawton, and Ena Burrill in a comedy by Keith Winter that 's only partly good entertainment: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

YOUNG ENGLAND.—This extraordinary show continues to give its audiences a chance to join in: Kingsway, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

CHAR-A-BANG.—The new Charlot revue, with Elsie Randolph, Iris March, John Tilley, and Reginald Gardiner: Vaudeville, to-night.

JUSTICE.—First play of a Galsworthy festival; Stephen Haggard as Falder, Gwen ffrangçon-Davies as Ruth Honeywell: Playhouse, April 11th.

RICHARD II.—Old Vic, April 15th.

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.—Antony and Cleopatra, April 15th. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, April 16th.

(Continued on page iii)

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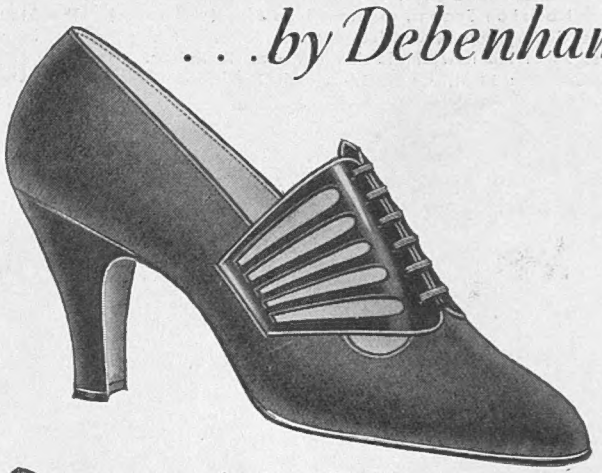

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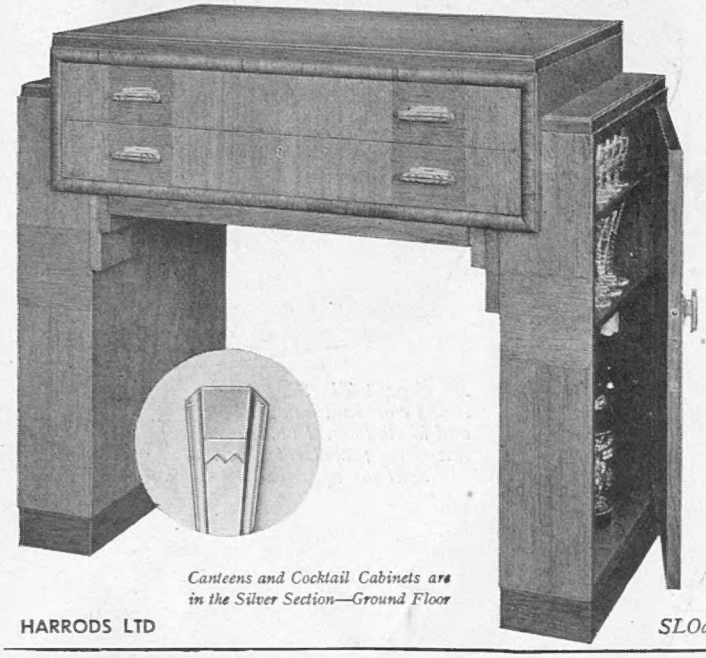

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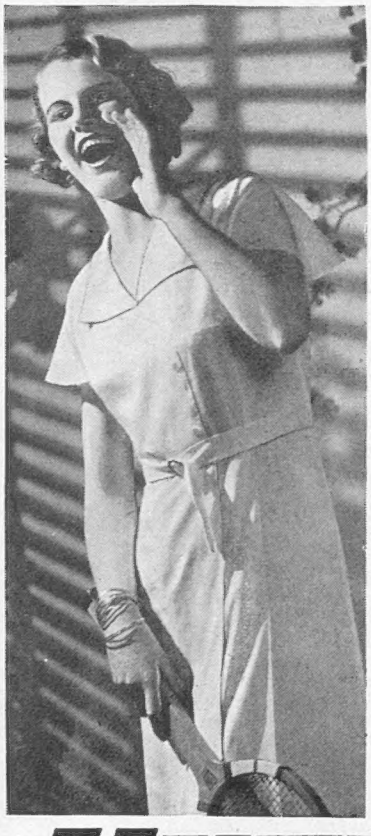

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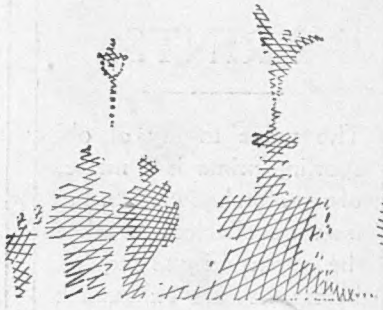

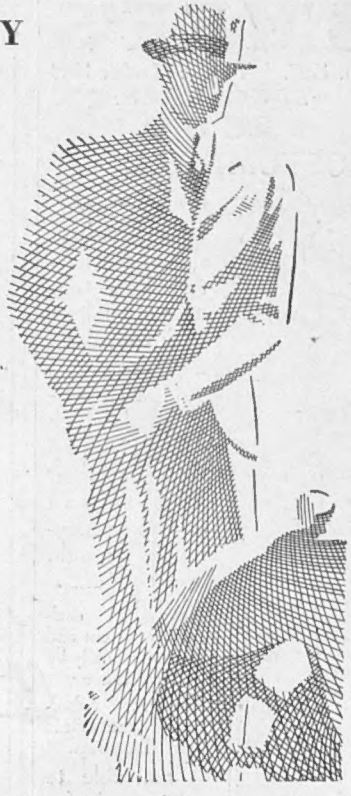

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